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The Australian

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June 8, 1955

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE HENDERSON-MENZIES WEDDING

See pages 10, 11

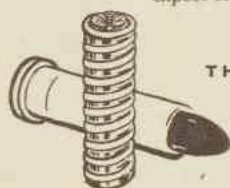


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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 8, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 2

IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

IT'S cold these days in the city streets. The cheeks of the girls scurrying to work are whipped pink with the wind, the furs of the leisured are filling the fashionable restaurants, and there's a briskness and a bustle in the air that is lacking in the dog days of summer.

Australia is fortunate in its winters. Apart from such minor irritations as chilblains and colds, winter to most Australians is a good season—a good time for working, for holidaying, and for sitting by the fire on those raw nights when the wind howls outside and the family seems closer knit than ever it does on the warm, soft nights of spring.

This homely comfort, of course, presupposes that you have a fire and a family to sit around it.

If you haven't, if you're old and poor, and living alone in a dingy room, then such joys of winter are not for you.

Tired, old bones feel the cold and tired, old hearts, lacking the hope of holidays and gaieties ahead, quail at the thought of the cold, dark days when the pension just can't be made to stretch to warm clothes, blankets, and fuel as well as food.

The winter plight of these old people is something that is easy to forget—especially in the cities and especially in these times of prosperity. But it's there all the same, as any city parson will tell you if you give him half a chance.

And it's something that can be helped. To do that you don't need to send large cheques to organised charities, but you can keep your eyes, and your heart, open to see who in your neighborhood could use a helping hand.

A jug of soup, a blanket, a barrow of wood, or a woolly jacket can mean so much when they're given personally.

Personal kindness is always heart-warming. In weather like this it's doubly so.

Our cover:

● The Prime Minister's daughter, Heather, is shown cutting her wedding cake with the help of her husband, Mr. Peter Henderson. This picture and those on page 11 are by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

This week:

● The enormous task of checking entries in our Ideal Wife and Mother Contest will begin shortly after the contest closes on June 8. The Ideal Husband and Father quest is now in full swing, and we print the third coupon this week.

● Entranced with the fashion values of velvet, Mary Horden cut out and made models of the garments shown on pages 32 and 33, and fitted them to silhouettes made from board so that the rich effect of the velvet would be illustrated.

● On page 51 an article and pictures describe the commercial and home-garden growing of lavender. Home-growers can revive the pleasant old custom of putting sachets into linen cupboards and handkerchief drawers. For the best results the heads of blooms should be picked on a clear, dry day, when more than half the flowers have opened, and before any have fallen. They should be spread out loosely in a cool place—on a wire netting shelf if possible. When completely dried they may be stored in airtight jars until used.

Next week:

● Fashion artist Rene can double as an interior decorator any day, and she has used her artist's color sense in designing a wonderful bedroom for teenagers, which is shown in color in the Teenage Section. Her practical advice on how first-class results can be obtained by the expenditure of a little money, much patience, and elbow grease reveals that she is as expert at painting walls as she is at the drawing-board.

● There is a new glamor job for girls in Paris. Dressed in bright blue uniforms, 20 of them wait at international airports and terminals to help tourists and to ensure that those not certain of their itinerary enjoy themselves. An article and pictures describe the girls and show them on the job as official hostesses.

● Italian fashions include beach and play wear. Emilio of Capri's shorts and shirt outfit and Veneziani of Milan's three-piece, straw-embroidered, both have a new look.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

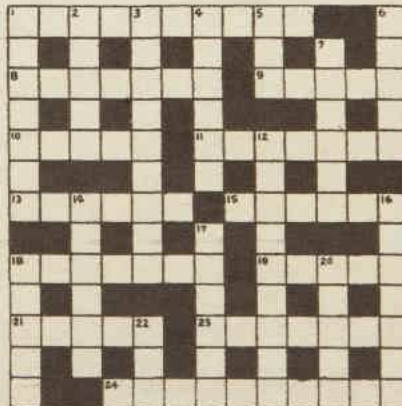
- If you look through them you may see them better (10).
- Simpletons for the soup (7).
- Closely compacted in substance (5).
- Makes level with seven (5).
- Left out nothing before Timothy turned to Edward (7).
- To reach the head of this paper, you have to ride properly (6).
- A bookie takes a broken Italian coin as the thread of a screw (6).
- Impossible to improve it (7).
- Author of "The Wild Duck" (5).
- Picture, that is to say Mag is in it (5).
- Originate without its head from man consumed (7).
- Cajolers living in Half Street (10).



Solution to last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

- Honest, yet it starts from a sin (7).
- Wear out and destroy gradually (5).
- Its owner must be a far-seeing man (9).
- A throw or a beaver hat (6).
- Nothing comes after it (3).
- System of belief for a hundred on a water plant (5).
- Form of an insect in a heavenly body (6).
- Pace limit (Anagr. 9).
- Encroachment in a thoroughfare (6).
- Small birds yet they carry a pub (7).
- Give evidence at trial (6).
- Italian river and half of it with the rest forming a French river are in equilibrium (5).
- Such rib comes from a pig (5).
- The English one is forty-five inches (3).



DOWN

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A romantic short story
By NINA WARNER HOOKE

A STRANGER CAME HOME

It was odd how the photograph seemed to attract her attention lately.

Often when she tidied her room before setting out for the office, she pushed it up behind the gilt mirror, and nearly always when she returned in the evening she found it had slid down on to the mantelpiece, to lie there staring at her with the compelling eyes of the original.

Once, in a fit of petulant anger, she had almost brought herself to the point of throwing it away, but not quite. She could not be rid of it, any more than she could be rid of her memories—even after eight years.

She picked up the photograph and studied it intently, a thing she had not done for some time. It stared back at her with the same sardonic challenge.

The bright-colored eyes looked odder than ever in that sun-burnt face. The ghost of a grin curved the long, mobile mouth.

Under the portrait was scrawled: "The same old tease. Don't you believe a word he says, Greg." Yes, but she had—she had believed. Even when he went away so abruptly, announcing in the casual course of a lunch-hour conversation, "I'm going to South America tomorrow," and departing next day, as good as his word, in a filthy old cargo boat, she had had implicit faith in him.

He was a big man, with a rock-like quality about him which inspired dependence. No one but she knew what her disillusionment had cost.

The early months of feverish expectancy. Then the arrival of a letter, taken up for the

most part with the description of the long journey—whole paragraphs devoted to the doings of a pet cockroach—and ending, "Yours disrespectfully, as ever."

And after that there was nothing.

The clock in the church tower down the road struck the half-hour. Angrily, she blinked away the haze before her eyes, and thrust the portrait once more behind the mirror.

She cleared away the remains of her breakfast, took her neat hat and coat from the wardrobe, and stood before the cheval glass to put them on. Everything about her was neat and practical, from the name-tags marked Esther Macfarlane on her clothes to her shapely low-heeled shoes.

The reflection in the glass was that of an arresting face with a creamy skin and silky hair. It could never be pretty, but animation might have made it beautiful. She was tall, and carried herself well, but too thin. She did not look her twenty-eight years, but sometimes she felt them.

The church clock struck a quarter to nine before she was ready. She turned out the sputtering gasfire, which was in the throes of an air lock, picked up her handbag and hurried out.

The Misses Fitworth, two elderly spinsters in whose house she rented a room, called out, "Good morning, dear," as she ran downstairs. They added something else, but Esther did not stop to listen.

It was a bleak, grey day, typical of late October. Scurries of dust and dead leaves whisked about. All around her people were hurrying to work.

It was a very ordinary day. Swaying on either side of her in the train were the same ordinary kind of people reading each other's newspapers, careful to avoid meeting each other's eyes.

At the Mansion House she pushed her way out into the raw air of the street. In a few minutes she was letting herself in by the glass-fronted door which bore the inscription, Cumber and Bricknell—the name of an old-

To page 46

"Greg!" gasped Esther in a strangled cry as the man sitting by the filing cabinet turned around to her.



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- 3 532 Patent and crocodile. Sizes 3-10
- 4 527 Black or cherry red. Sizes 3-16
- 5 531 Tan or cherry red. Sizes 3-16
- 6 510 Cherry/tan with lambwool. 3-11

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LIFE has become filled with doubts and anxiety for BRIGIT GAYE, as she lies in bed in her old family home in London, paralysed following a riding accident.

She thinks she hears voices taunting her—but cannot be sure whether or not she imagined them. She mistrusts PRISSIE HAWKE, a former air hostess whom her husband, FERGUS, engaged as nursemaid to their children, NICKY and SARAH, and fears that Fergus is attracted to her. Yet Prissie seems the soul of genuine sweetness, devoted to the children and to Brigit.

She is worried because Nicky tells strange tales about "Clementine," who he says is a little girl who torments him when they go to the park. But she knows that her son is nervous and imaginative.

Prissie explains "Clementine" by saying that it was the name she gave to a doll dressed as an old pedlar, and which frightened Nicky. They all try to reassure Nicky by burning the doll.

The old house and its household depress Brigit. Her UNCLE SAUNDERS is mean and crafty; her AUNT ANNABEL has a senile love of cats; her brother GUY is weak; and MRS. HATCHETT, the housekeeper, claims to see a ghost.

She is almost relieved when a strange figure that startles NURSE ELLEN turns out to have been a burglar, as various objects are missing following his intrusion. Fergus, departing on a flight to Rome, tries to cheer her up by assuring her that nothing will go wrong while he is away. NOW READ ON.

Third instalment of a five-part serial
By DOROTHY EDEN

DARLING CLEMENTINE

FERGUS had said: "Nothing will happen while I'm away."

Even as she remembered his reassuring words, Brigit imagined she heard a faint stirring in the direction of the fireplace, then, a second later, there was no doubt about the sound of hoarse breathing.

Brigit raised her head and looked intently into the indistinct shape of the fireplace. There was nothing to see, only the mouth of the chimney, a square of deeper blackness than the surrounding tiles. The sound had stopped now.

It hadn't been Nurse Ellen, because tonight she was sleeping in her bed in the dressing-room next door. Brigit had insisted that she do so. She could ring, she said, if she wanted anything.

But she wouldn't ring just because she imagined she heard breathing in the fireplace. It was the wind sending breathy gusts down the chimney. Was there a wind? There was no rustle of leaves outside the window.

Her heart still beating violently as much from her premonition of danger as from what she thought she had heard, Brigit lay back. It couldn't have been anything. She was as bad as Nicky, who imagined someone dwelt in the big dark cupboard in his room. But Nicky was only a child. She at least was old enough to know better.

"Silly!" came the small throaty voice from the chimney. "You think you are yourself. But you're not. You're me." There was a dreadful ghostly little cackle of laughter. Then the voice with its macabre mirth, "I am you and you are me..."

Now there was a gust of wind stirring outside. It rustled leaves, crackling them like brittle paper, then swept down the chimney sweeping the voice away.

Had there been a voice? Even now in the silence Brigit could not have sworn to it. She lay drenched in chilly perspiration, helpless, unable to move or cry out.

Yet in the morning, with the fragile late autumn sunlight coming in the window and the house full of normal sounds, the children scampering downstairs, Uncle Saunders shouting, and Nurse Ellen tripping in and out of the room, it seemed that it must have been a nightmare.

How could a voice speak from the chimney? It was all so absurd. She must have thought she was awake and yet been dreaming. Anyway, the words the voice had spoken didn't even make sense. You are me... Who was me? No, when Fergus came home this evening she could not tell him this latest flight of fancy. He would be as impatient with her as he was with Nicky.

Nurse Ellen's routine was well under way now. First there was the early morning cup of tea, then the refreshing wash,

the clean nightdress, the hair brushing and the application of a decorous amount of make-up ("just to keep up your morale, ducky"), then the brief rest before breakfast.

Her breakfast tray was obviously prepared by Nurse Ellen with great care, and always bore a rose or a carnation as well as the morning papers, and any mail that might have arrived for her. By the time it came in, Brigit was ready for the comfort of food and hot coffee, for she was invariably suffering from intense dejection at the discovery that still her legs were numb and useless. Each morning the frail but unimpaired hope would come to her—perhaps today one of her feet or even one toe would consent to move. When nothing happened, her spirits would begin to sink lower and lower.

In hospital at this time the sister had frequently found her in tears. But now that she was at home, with the children likely to come in at any moment, and everyone being so kind, she felt that the least she could do was to keep bright and cheerful. On the nights that Fergus slept in the house it was even more imperative to present a smiling face to him. But the mask, she was afraid, was going to wear thin. Oh, how much longer could this go on?

"Now, ducky, you're needing this, I can see," Nurse Ellen said briskly as she crossed the room with the tray. "And a surprise for you this morning. Just look and see!"

"What?" said Brigit feebly, biting on her trembling lip. Nurse Ellen had nearly witnessed the shame of her cowardly tears this morning.

"A cable from Rome. Really, that husband of yours spoils you disgustingly."

"Oh, from Fergus!" Brigit cried in delight.

"That, and a letter, too! Now don't let your coffee get cold. The news will keep."

The cable might have been Fergus speaking. Didn't I tell you nothing would happen while I was away so stop worrying all my love Fergus.

Brigit smiled and blinked back tears, and, holding the cable lovingly in her hands, forgot to pour her coffee while it was hot. She temporarily forgot the other letter, too. Anyway, it didn't look very important. Her name and address were printed in rather crude letters. It was probably from one of the patients with whom she had made friends in the hospital.

She opened it languidly after she had savored the delight of Fergus' brisk, businesslike cable that covered so much thoughtfulness and understanding.

Then she dropped the sheet of paper the envelope contained as if she had been stung. She gazed at it lying on the clean, white sheets in complete horror, as if it were some horrible



"Brigit," said Guy, his eyes
tormented, face haggard. "What
are you going to do about it?"



little insect. The scrawled printing did, in fact, look like the
wandering trail of a slug. But the words were quite legible.

Did you know that your brother is the hit-and-
run driver who knocked down a man and killed him
outside Dorking on the night of October 1. I have proof
of this, but I will keep my mouth shut if you pay me
a hundred pounds by midday tomorrow. The money
must be in single pound notes.

You can get these easily enough. I have watched
the house and know who lives in it. Send the nurse-
maid who looks after your children to the bank for the
money, then put it in an envelope and address it to Mr.
George Smith, 15 Pelham Road, Hammersmith.

I know you can go to the police, but the sentence
I get won't be half what your brother will get. Is that
clear?

Nurse Ellen came bustling busily into the room. Auto-
matically, Brigit crumpled the loathsome piece of paper
into her hand.

"Why, ducky, you haven't eaten a thing! What's the matter?
You don't look so good."

"I—I'm not hungry this morning," Brigit managed to
say. "Later, perhaps. I want to see my brother."

"Sure, you can see your brother, but there's plenty of
time. Lie still and relax for a bit."

"No, now," Brigit insisted. "Before he leaves for the office.
It's—it's quite important. And, nurse, if you'd mind just
leaving us alone for a few minutes."

Nurse Ellen's blond head went in the air huffily.

"Certainly, Mrs. Mayo. I'm not interested in other people's
conversations, even though there might be other people
in this house who are."

"What do you mean?" Brigit asked swiftly.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," Nurse Ellen swept up the
untouched breakfast tray. "And what the doctor will say
when he knows you're deliberately starving yourself, I can't
think."

But for all her brief display of temperament, she sent
Guy. He came into the room, thin and slightly hollow-
cheeked, in his dark city suit. He looked as if he hadn't
slept and his beautiful lips drooped peevishly.

"Hallo, Biddy" he said languidly. "Anything wrong?"

"I—I hope not, Guy," Brigit said carefully. She was still
in the peculiar, unreal state following shock. "But someone
has just written me a very nasty letter. It concerns you."

Guy looked at her fully for one moment, his eyes startled
and aware. Then they slid away, and now he was speaking
as carefully as she.

"Concerns me! What on earth about?"

Brigit pushed the crumpled sheet of paper towards him.
"Read it yourself. I can't bear to look at it again."

It couldn't be true, of course! Guy was weak and perhaps
even cowardly, but he couldn't have done this. Surely he
couldn't have.

Guy echoed her thoughts. After glancing at the paper he
flung it on the bed, saying hoarsely, "It's a lie! Some swine
—oh, fancy inventing a filthy lie like that!"

But Brigit had glimpsed his eyes again, darkened and full
of fears. Her heart sank.

"The first of October was the day before my accident," she
said, speaking almost casually.

"Was it? I can't remember."

"It was, because that was on the second, and you had driven
Uncle Saunders down to get Aunt Annabel. Don't you re-
member? He was complaining very loudly about your care-
less driving, because you had bent the bumper bar of the
car the night before. You said you hadn't had time to get it
straightened. Guy?"

"Yes!" he said violently.

"Had you been afraid to take it into a garage to get it
straightened—in case they should recognise the car?"

"No! Of course not!"

"Didn't you know a girl in Dorking not very long ago? I

To page 34

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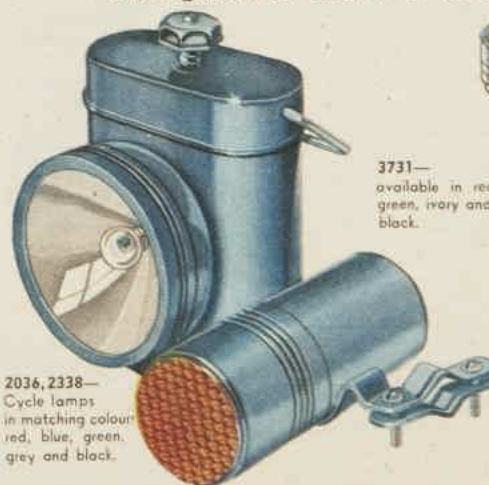


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 8, 1955

Afternoon of Love

A short story
complete on this page

By VINIA
HOOGSTRATEN

DAVID CARNER, aged 42, of 1211 Clement Road, sat in his '48 sedan and peered ahead with some annoyance. There was something ahead blocking traffic.

He considered tooting his horn, but several other drivers were attending to that, so he settled down and glanced around him.

The view from the centre of the bridge, where he was stopped, was golden and misty with spring. The breeze through his open window was unseasonably warm, like summer. He relaxed and sighed happily.

His wandering gaze settled on a young couple leaning over the railing, looking down into the water. The boy was a sailor, big and blond.

The girl was small and golden. As David watched she turned and looked up into her sailor's face, laughing at something he was saying to her. The sailor studied her tenderly for a moment, and then leaned forward and kissed her lightly.

The traffic began to move forward. As he changed gears David saw the wild crocus pinned in the girl's slowing hair and on the front of her dress.

Crocus. The little flowers brought countless pictures to his mind. Madge loved wildflowers with a passion that he'd sometimes thought a little excessive. She never went on a picnic without her trowel.

In the springs before they were married they'd spent enchanted hours hunting them on windy hill-tops and in little fern-filled hollows. And of all the wildflowers, she loved the little crocus best.

It had been at a time when she stood, her hands overflowing with them, her dark hair blowing as this little fair-haired girl's had blown, that he'd asked her to marry him.

The two scenes merged and blended. He was the sailor, and he was himself, gazing into Madge's clear, perceptive blue eyes and promising to cherish her always. How long was it since they'd gone flower-hunting? Three years? Four? Too long, anyhow.

Again he pictured the scene on the bridge. The boy and girl, so young, so beautiful, so — believing. That's the morning of love, he thought, and felt quite choked up at the poetry of the idea. He and Madge had felt like that. Still did sometimes. But not often enough.

He had cherished her. He'd loved her with complete and unswerving devotion for fifteen years. But it was a long time since he'd seen her through a romantic haze like this.

The smell of baked ham and sweet potatoes that greeted him as he opened the door of 1211 did nothing to dispel his glow. He

hurried into the kitchen to greet his true love.

His true love, in slacks, was bent almost double over the low oven. "That you, dear?" she asked.

He felt a little daunted. This wasn't exactly the sort of thing he'd had in mind. However, he took a firm hold on his golden vision, and embraced his wife from behind.

She gave a startled shriek. "Look out!" she said furiously, straightening and confronting him, her face flushed from the oven's heat.

"Do you know how hot that oven is? Four hundred degrees! And you almost pushed me into it!"

"I didn't—"

"Bobby! Is that you? Hurry up and get washed. Dinner's almost ready."

David gave it one more try. "Madge," he said, stepping into her path, "I—"

"Yes, dear," she said, trying to dodge around him, a brimming vegetable dish in each hand. "These things are getting cold."

He made a sound that was half snort, half growl, and retreated in defeat. Making his way upstairs he tried to figure out what had happened. As he passed his daughter's room he stopped fascinated.

Patty, thirteen years and two and a half months old—"going on fourteen," was a sight that would stop almost anybody.

She sat absorbed in front of her mirror. The lower portion of her was clothed in the usual blue jeans, but the top boasted only a sun-top.

Over one small, bony shoulder, raised seductively to her chin, she was peering with half-shut eyes into the mirror. Her lips were curled into a sneering pout. "Go back to your wife," she said languorously. "I have feenish with you. I geeve you to har."

David withdrew hurriedly. "Where is everybody?" Madge's voice rose in exasperation. "Dinner's getting cold."

David ate his dinner in silence, grunting uncommunicatively when spoken to. The ham didn't taste as good as he'd thought it would.

He could feel Madge's eyes on him, but didn't meet them. He regarded his son, who was describing a movie air battle accompanied by sound effects, without affection. "We can do without all that noise," he said coldly.

"You know what Mildred told me?" said Patty dramatically. "She told me the most horrible thing. She said Miss Henning, our English teacher, is going to marry Mr. Peters."

"Who's Mr. Peters?" he asked.

"Daddy, he's our principal."

"Well, what's the matter with him? I thought you liked him."

"I do. But he CAN'T marry Miss Henning. It's awful. He's an old man, as old as you are."

David made a wheezing sound as though he'd been punched in the stomach. That's the way he felt.

He retired from the dining-room, picked up the paper, and sought sanctuary in the sports section. Then he gave a bellow of rage. "Who cut this hole in the sporting page?"

"Oh, gosh, Daddy, I'm sorry. There was a picture of Gregory Peck on the other side. I thought you were finished."

"Finished with it? I haven't even seen it. Where's this picture? It's got the baseball scores on the back."

"I left it at Mildred's," said Patty.

David hurled the paper to the floor and stalked out of the room, feeling majestic and a little bit ridiculous.

He met Madge in the hall. "The top-dressing's here. The man came this morning. I thought you might—"

"I am not going to spend the afternoon shovelling soil," he said in a perfectly calm, level voice. "Do you hear me? I won't do it."

"All right, dear," said Madge placidly, and again he felt a small guilty shame. He knew perfectly well he'd been hoping she would insist and they could have a crashing row. He was also disappointed.

"I'm going out to polish the car," he told her distantly, meeting, with difficulty, her blue eyes.

Sometimes he felt as though those eyes could see right into his mind, and he didn't want that to happen right now. Idiotic idea, anyway.

On his way to the garage he thought of the last hour as a series of routs—from the kitchen, from the dining-room, from the living-room, and now from the hall to his last stronghold, his rock and his refuge, the garage. But even it let him down. Its car-greasy, rubbery smell failed to soothe him as it usually did.

As he worked he brooded on his wrongs. His children were badly brought up, noisy ruffians. His house wasn't paid for — probably never

would be. His car needed overhauling. His wife cared more for a dinner than she did for him.

He thought of the couple on the bridge, and gave the car's hood a terrific swipe.

"Morning of love!" he snorted. "Hah!" What a thought for a man who comes home full of romantic love for his wife, only to find she's waiting for him to top-dress the lawn. "Hah!" he said again.

By the time he'd worked for an hour he felt elderly and dyspeptic, and his arms were aching.

He heard her footsteps, but he didn't look up as Madge appeared. "Hello," she said doubtfully.

He began to polish with more vigor. Madge moved over beside him and gently kissed the back of his neck. He looked at her. "What's that?" he asked gruffly.

"Our picnic lunch," she said airily. "I fried the chicken. Tomorrow we eat eggs and Monday's cold ham."

"Picnic lunch? Where are we going?"

"On a picnic, just you and me."

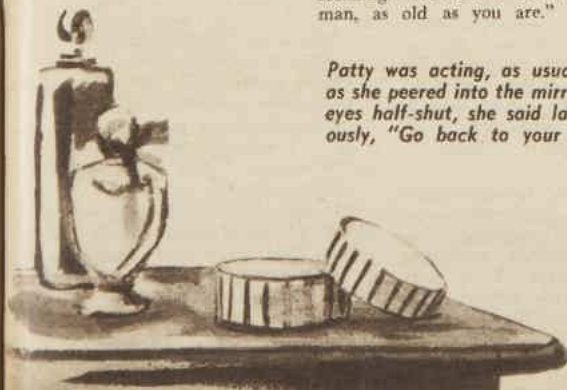
They stood and regarded each other and a slow, identical grin broke out on each face. His gloom vanished, and his heart became light.

"Now tell me what happened," she said.

ILLUSTRATED
By DUNLOP



Patty was acting, as usual, and as she peered into the mirror, her eyes half-shut, she said languorously, "Go back to your wife."



George could see quite plainly that
the girl was filled with terror, but
all that her friends said was . . .

Laugh it off

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THE big, dark-haired girl said, "Here's Peggy, now." So he, George McCarren, from Cleveland, turned his head.

The restaurant was too full of small tables. She came dodging and winding towards them, with her blond head ducked apologetically and her small body drawn thin at the hips to twist through the narrow places. He and Al were not yet on their feet when she tumbled into the fourth chair at their table.

Al said, "Hi! Peggy, this is my friend, George McCarren. George, this is the dizzy little blonde I was telling you about. What d'you think, h'm?"

"Don't know that I blame you," George said, and grinned politely.

The little blond girl, without raising her head, rolled it to glance at Al, briefly, and then at George. He was waiting for her to see him, but when she looked his way there was a wrong focus to her eyes.

He began, right there, to wonder what she had on her mind. And later he remembered the whole scurrying and scrambling of her arrival.

Now she pulled her lips apart. "Hello, Rita. How do you do, George. May I have a drink?"

As Al twisted to make signs at a waiter, George McCarren said in impulse: "Take mine."

Peggy took it. In both hands, greedily. When she put down the empty glass, she finally looked at George with seeing eyes.

"Hey," said Al, "you must be thirsty. What's the matter?"

"I'm a little bit upset," she said in a low voice. "Something I saw in the street." Her hand lifted, fingers spread, and the fingers quivered. "Unpleasant. Skip it."

"Yes, let's, shall we?" said the big dark girl in a drawing way, and went right on talking. "What are we going to do for this stranger in our midst, now that we're all here?"

George thought Rita was quite attractive until she smiled. But her smile did bad things, made too many lines, parentheses within parentheses, around her crowded teeth.

"Well, I don't know," Al said. "What do you say, boys and girls? Dance? Bite to eat first?"

It was too late for a show, or anything like that. Both these girls, George knew from Al, worked in the evenings—Rita in a little shop that stayed open at night, and Peggy as an usher in a picture theatre. There was something exotic in this experience of meeting girls at such an hour.

When he confessed that he did not dance, the date resolved itself to supper. Al began to act the host with the menu, and the tall dark girl arched her neck and made very good chatter about food. George decided that she was probably a very nice girl. But there was that little mystery hanging about the blonde, and he couldn't help speaking looks at her.

And he couldn't help wondering what she was thinking about. She wasn't pretty. Her chin was short, and brought her small, brooding face too abruptly in at the bottom. Her mouth was small and tight-lipped. All

around it the smooth, fine skin played in the tiniest of dimpling ripples. Sometimes the dimpling was echoed by a recurring and vanishing indentation just above the cheekbone. The whole smooth, small face seemed to bubble with hints and secrets, and he could neither meet nor read her eyes.

She was Al's girl, though, this Peggy. And Rita was trying hard to be pleasant. He was tall, so the tall one was for him, of course.

They had just begun to eat when a man in grey came in and sat down at a table against the wall. Peggy happened to turn around, and when she saw the man her head snapped. She froze. She stared at the table and the dishes and the cloth and her own clenched hands. She might just as well have shouted.

George turned toward her in quick inquiry. He heard Al heave a kind of sigh, which surprised a corner of his attention. But he was watching Peggy's face, and the funny look in her eyes and her nostrils beginning to dilate with quickening breath.

"Listen," she said. "Don't move. Don't look too suddenly. Do you see the man at the back of me to my left, near the wall?"

"Yes!" said Al. Peggy said: "I think he wants to kill me."

George looked. The man, in profile to them, was apparently studying the menu card. He was very thin and sallow, with dark marks on the pouching skin near his eyes. The face was sharp-boned, the body narrow, tense, and unhealthy. He seemed indifferent to everyone in the crowded restaurant, including them.

But Peggy's head began to pivot, as if it were compelled, and now the man in grey looked up, as if he had been tagged by her gaze. He looked directly at her, rather stonily, for a moment. Then he made the shortest, briefest of nods and plunged his attention back into the menu.

"Why?" said George in a low voice. "Yes, why does he want to bother to do that?" Al said, too lightly.

Peggy began to blink rapidly. Her face contorted. "Oh, Al, please . . ."

Rita said, "I'd like my coffee now." Her voice was choked and angry.

George put his hand on Peggy's little hand; the tiny bones and the tension and the fluttering of it made him think of a bird. He said, "Better tell us about it, hadn't you, Peggy?" He could feel his body thickening protectively—bravering, he thought to himself, if there is such a word.

Peggy's hand fluttered and got away. She said, "Eat. Please eat, as if there wasn't anything . . . Please . . ."

Al said, rather coldly, "I'm eating."

"Tell us," urged George.

Her voice had a hush to it, deadened and muted. The tone warned them not to betray that she was saying anything important. She still didn't look at any of them, but George felt she would have looked at him, had she dared.

"I came out of the theatre, alone, just now. By the side door, into the alley. I

saw something I shouldn't have seen." She put her fork into the food blindly, lifted it and let it fall.

"What did you see?" George broke a roll. He heard the same hush in his own voice. He felt courage and excitement pulsing inside of him.

"I saw shadows . . . and men fighting. A man fell. There wasn't any noise. The other man struck down!" Peggy turned her eyes to show the whites. "And then he came fast out of the deep part of the alley and I saw his face."

"That face?"

"Yes. And he . . . he saw mine."

George understood at once. Could be dangerous. The sense of peril jumping out of the rather ordinary restaurant atmosphere was delicious. But he heard Al say easily, "So now he's got to kill you. Because you're the witness. Sure. Y'know, this isn't one of your better efforts, baby."

"Wait a minute," George said, startled and even a little hostile.

"Peggy goes in for this sort of thing," said Rita softly. She passed her napkin over the contempt on her mouth. "You mustn't mind her. It's just her little way."

Peggy said quickly, brokenly, "But it's true! Please, I swear . . . He did . . . I saw . . ." Her eyes flew around the circle of their faces. George, looking down, could see that her knuckles were dead white.

"We'll protect you," Al rumbled. "Just relax. Coffee now, for everybody?"

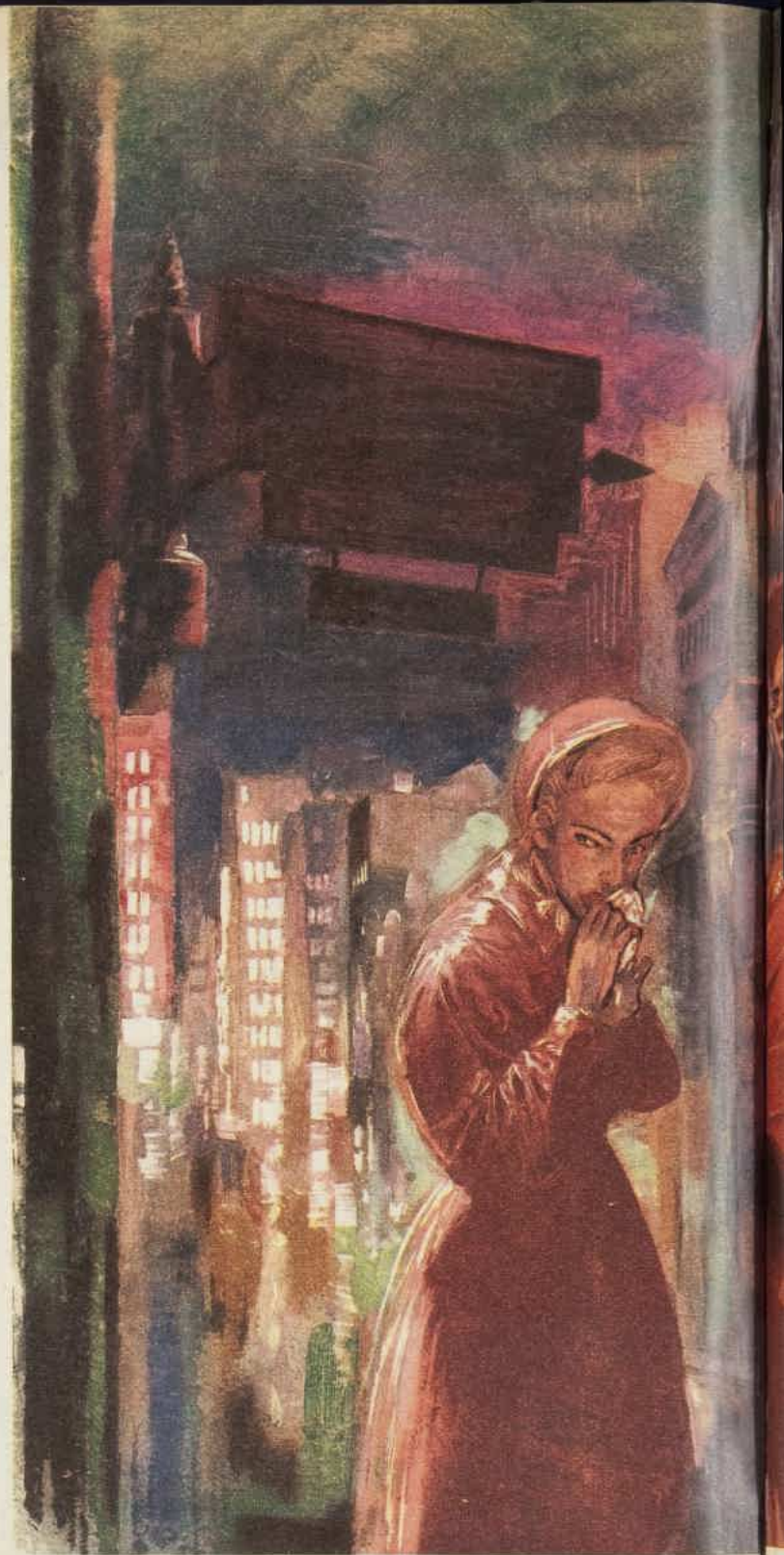
"I shouldn't have looked at him," Peggy said in a whimper. "Oh, I shouldn't have looked around. Now he knows that I've recognised him."

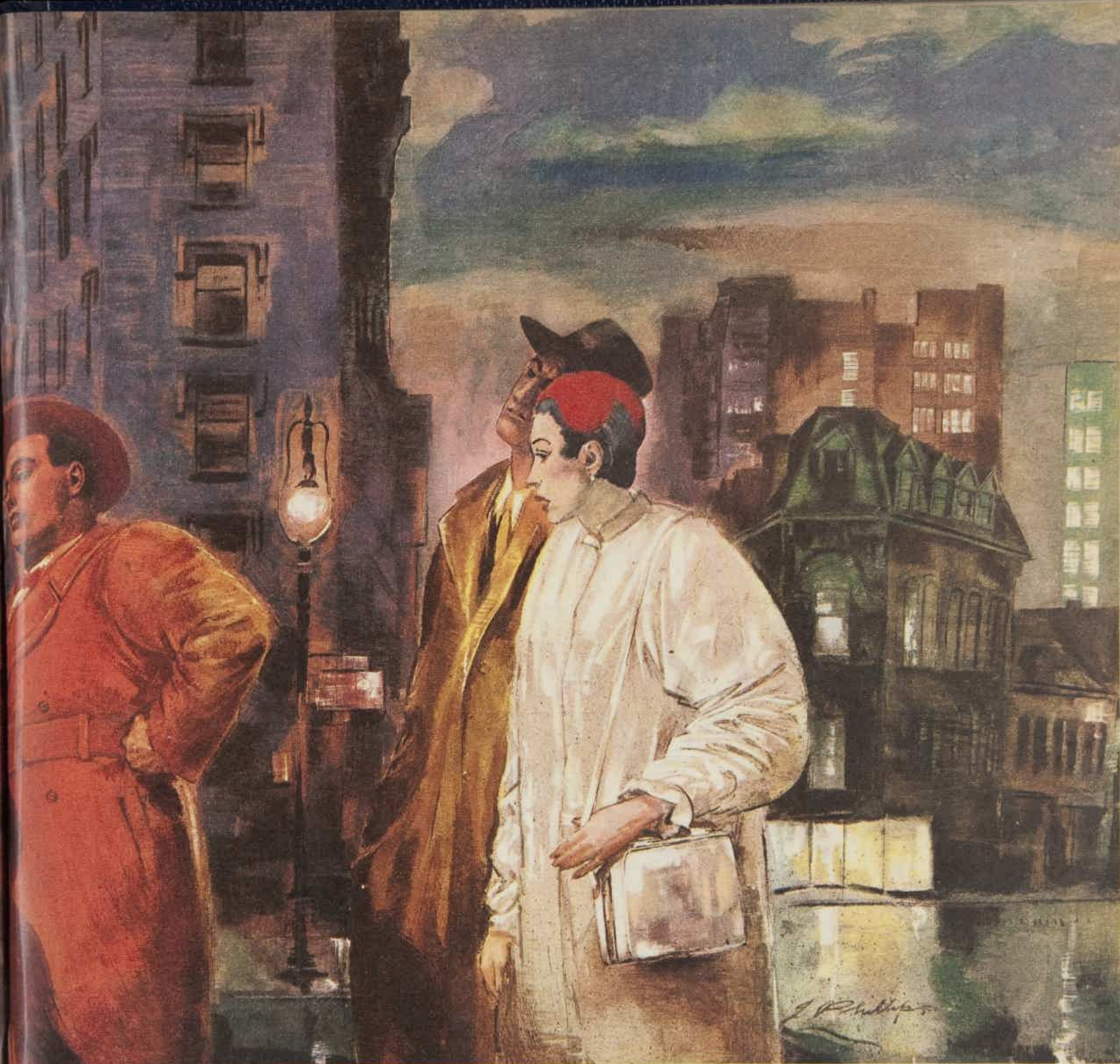
George said: "You think he followed you here?" It seemed to him that he and Peggy almost embraced, with the long, deep, direct look between them.

"Of course," she answered.

"Naturally. Naturally," said Al. "Everybody follows Peggy. All kinds of sinister characters."

George, gazing into her beseeching eyes





truly believed she was frightened and that something must be done. He said, "Listen, Al . . ."

"You listen, George," Al said promptly. "I hate to have to say this, but she's just a little liar. Does this all the time. Different stories." He waved his hand. "Little habit she has. Hey, Peggy, remember the time you got me worked up that you'd just swallowed poison by mistake? Brother," said Al, "she held out that time up to but not including the stomach-pump. I don't know what it is," he grumbled amiably. "You just got to laugh it off."

Rita said, trying to be gentle, "You see, George, we've been through all this before. If you had, you wouldn't worry." She laughed, trying hard. "She sees an awful lot of pictures, you know."

Now he felt confused. He looked all around the table and ended looking at the blonde. "Are you lying about this?" he asked quietly.

Her face broke into an expression of horror and distress, and then recovered its

smoothness, although the distress and the terror bubbled and skittered just under the skin's surface. "I saw him! He knows me!" She bent her head. "I guess it's hard to believe . . ."

"You don't exactly have to guess," Al said with some anger. "Peggy, I told you, didn't I? You were never going to pull another one of these things. Not with me."

"All right," she said swiftly. "All right. All right. I can be wrong. He's not the one. Or he doesn't know me."

George saw the heavy effort of her throat to swallow. Then he remembered. The man had nodded.

Rita tried to recover the gaiety that had gone before, but George couldn't respond. He didn't know what to think. He couldn't keep his eyes off Peggy's face, off the winking and the wincing in the play of tiny muscles under the skin.

Finally, Al leaned over and said to him directly: "Listen, George, I can see you've got to get your mind off Peggy's little contribution to dramatic art. I don't blame you

for wondering, but let me tell you one or two more things. So you'll realise."

Al was not angry now, but stern and straightforward. "She got lost from work once, never showed up for two days. When she finally did she tells the boss she had a stroke of amnesia, and was in hospital. Not true. I know, because that was the time we went up to my sister's in Boston. So O.K. You might say she was just trying to pull a fast one on the boss. Fair enough. But I say it didn't have to be that fast. But that's her idea of something to tell."

Peggy said nothing. Her lips had fallen apart in a little sigh of despair. Her hands were wound together, and the back of her neck was tensely aware of the pale man at the table behind her.

"Another time," Al went on, "she gets herself kidnapped—or so she said. Well, she managed to get kidnapped and escape in about six hours, which I thought was pretty quick. So I checked and she spent four of those hours in a beauty parlor. They're not true, George. She tells them wild, and

As George and Rita caught them up, Al, his hand on his hip, was saying angrily to Peggy, "Where's this guy who's following us?"

they're not true. And, as I say, I don't know what it is . . ."

Rita said with poisonous sweetness, "It's a little childish, don't you think? Of course, it can be amusing, when you understand."

George thought if he were the blond girl he'd snap at that one. Peggy didn't snap. She just sat there, tense, and sad. She said faintly, "I'm sorry. I know. I've done a lot of . . . kidding. But not this time."

The fable came inevitably to George's mind. He said aloud, soberly, "You've been crying 'wolf'."

She said, forlornly, "I guess I have."

"Looks like this wolf is going on about his business," Al announced. "All he wanted

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WEDDING OF PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER



PARENTS OF THE BRIDE. The Prime Minister with Dame Pattie on the steps of The Lodge before they left for the wedding of their only daughter, Heather.

ADMIRING THE BRIDE'S RING. Eleven-year-old Sally Shaw, of Melbourne, cousin of the bride, admires Heather's gift from the groom, an emerald-and-diamond ring.



LUCKY BRIDESMAID. Joan Wardrop, old schoolfriend of the bride, caught the bouquet, which was thrown at the reception.



COUNTRY GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Friend, of Goulburn, who were among the 400 guests. Mrs. Friend wore black velvet.



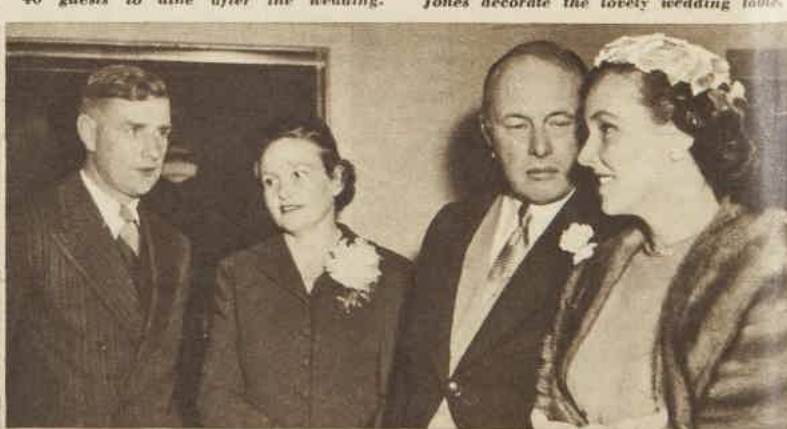
ATTRACTIVE HOSTESS. Jan Milson, of "Huntly," Canberra (left), with Mrs. Trevor Rowe at the reception. Jan had 40 guests to dine after the wedding.



FROM SYDNEY. Mr. and Mrs. David Lloyd Jones had afternoon tea at the reception. Rosemary helped Lady Lloyd Jones decorate the lovely wedding tables.



USHER AT THE WEDDING. Michael Davidson, "Yarran," Young, with Kay Robinson, of Dubbo (left), Mrs. Michael Davidson, Jay Robinson, Dubbo, and Mrs. John Boyd, of Young, at the reception following Heather Menzies' wedding with Peter Henderson.



GOULBURN GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hoskins (left) with Brigadier George Hurst and Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown at University House. Heather and Peter were carried shoulder high before they left the reception by car for their honeymoon.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Smiling bride Mrs. Peter Henderson, only daughter of the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies, signs the register while her husband watches in the vestry of St. Andrew's Church. Heather and Peter will make their home in Djakarta, where he is Third Secretary at the Australian Embassy.



BRIDESMAIDS (left to right) Robin Campbell, of Queanbeyan, N.S.W., Ruth Farren Price, of Canterbury, Victoria, Marian McPherson, of South Yarra, Victoria, and Joan Wardrop, of Kew, Victoria, attended Heather Menzies when she married young diplomat Peter Henderson, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, of Goulburn, N.S.W.



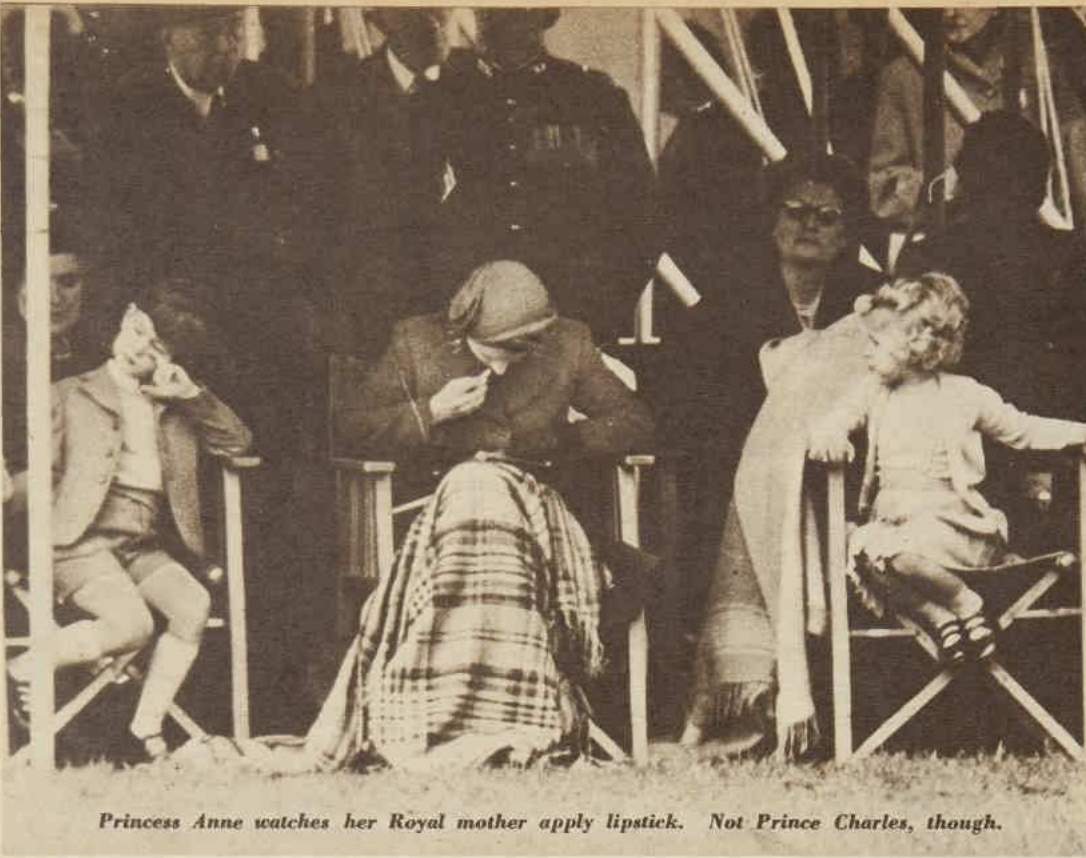
ADJUSTING THE BRIDE'S TRAIN. Bridesmaid Joan Wardrop makes sure the bride's train falls in graceful lines before Heather enters the church with her father, the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies. Her lovely gown was of white faille and satin with a pattern of brocaded leaves. She wore a misty cut tulle veil, white over blue.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL Sir William Slim and Lady Slim chat with the bride after she had cut the wedding cake at the reception, which was held at University House, Canberra, following her marriage. More than four hundred distinguished guests, including members of the diplomatic corps, were present at the ceremony and reception.

KIDS will be KIDS

• When Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh took Prince Charles and Princess Anne to the Windsor Horse Show recently they had all the problems other parents have when they go on outings with their offspring.



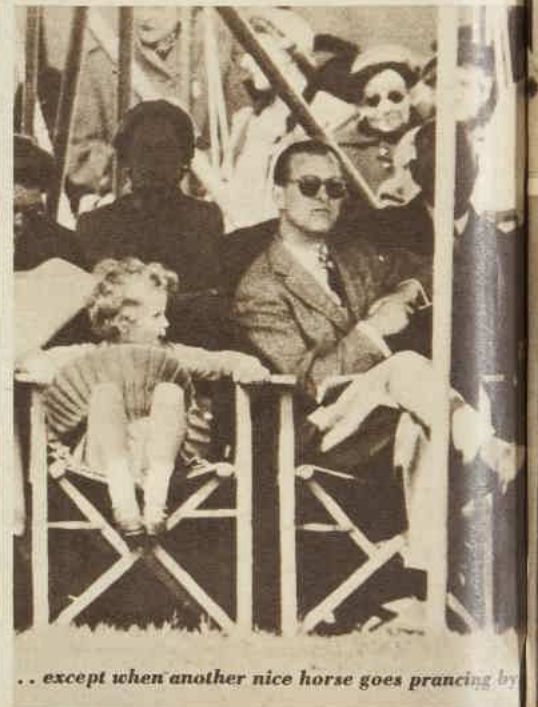
Princess Anne watches her Royal mother apply lipstick. Not Prince Charles, though.



Anne sees a horse she thinks is a beauty . . .



But kicking your legs is much more fun . . .



. . . except when another nice horse goes prancing by



The Queen talks to Charles while Anne plays knock-knees . . .



. . . so soon it is the Princess' turn to be spoken to.



The Queen and the Duke point out something worth looking at . . .



. . . but a boy must have a stretch, and a girl must just turn her head round.



The Prince shares a confidence with his mother.



This might keep a young man quiet for a while.



Mother's disapproval makes no difference. A boy has GOT to take a peek.



If you've been told once, children, you've been told a dozen times to keep the rug round you!


NEW "Snack"

NOW ONLY **2/-** FOR THE LARGE-SIZE BLOCK

2 extra centres added

*Now a variety of
6 centres in every
"SNACK" block*




 **Turkish Delight**

Pineapple Cream 

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6 different flavours — 12 delicious pieces in every block — in the new novelty shaped "Snack" block. "Snack" is just like a box of chocolates in block form. Here's the economical way to enjoy high-grade chocolates.

Made for your "sweet tooth" by

Mac. Robertson

the Great Name in Confectionery.

Bob Hope gets cracking

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

At a first, silent meeting Bob Hope looks like a sleepy beagle hound in search of a comfy spot in front of the fire—but his conversation is a bundle of firecrackers. The minute he begins to talk the gags run off the production line automatically.

OFFSTAGE, Bob doesn't even look as if he's listening to them or caring what you think.

But watch him on stage, even at rehearsal, and you know he's aware of every eye and ear in the house, that his years of vaudeville training have made his timing as accurate as a stop-watch.

In a quiet, unassuming way he is watching his star billing, too. His first remark when the cameras began to roll on his arrival at Mascot airport was over his shoulder to a promoter who pushed him forward:

"Don't try to be funnier than me, ol' man!"

Bob showed annoyance only once at the airport. I asked him if he had brought any gag writers with him.

"This question always makes me mad," he said—but with a mollifying smile, which didn't entirely belie his words. "This time I didn't bring any writers with me."

"I had 30 hours in the plane to work out my own material—there's nothing I like doing more."

"But the President of the United States has about eight writers working for him all the time. He needs it. So, well, why shouldn't I?"

Winning look

ONCE he'd got that off his chest he went back to his winning look, half pleading, half naughty boy who likes being naughty, and told reporters how much he liked coming back to Australia.

"I'm Robert (Here Down Under) Hope," he explained.

"I wouldn't have travelled 8000 miles to work like mad in a country that I can't take money out of if I hadn't just wanted to come back."

"Then what are you going to do with the money?" I asked.

"Invest it, I guess. Gotta look around." And he did, slowly, around the line-up of reporters, without a sign of a grin.

The next minute he was taken back to the cameras. "Don't forget to come and see the show," he called over his shoulder.

"Just mention my name at the door—and then try to fight your way in."

Light step

BOB walks with the jaunty step of an old hooper from way back and somehow this makes him look younger than his admitted 52 years.

"It's no good pretending I'm younger if you all remember that I was doing the Hokey Pokey when I was here before," he said, stroking his brown, greying hair. "But 52's old enough, so don't start adding to it."

Bob said that Bing Crosby would never fly to Australia. "He would have to come on a slow boat 'cos he can't stand speed—you've seen his horses, haven't you?"

In his show he apologises for Bing: "He can't make up his mind whether to play Australia or buy it. He sure has a lot of that lovely cabbage."

Bob also advises Australia to go in for color television straight away. "You should, you know, it saves time," he explained. "Although it's only the average working millionaire who can afford it."

But he throws in a warning on the side: "TV is stronger



BIRTHDAY CAKE. Bob puffs at the solitary candle on the cake fans gave him for his birthday, May 29, before he took off for Brisbane. He was 52.

than you think. The next generation of Americans will be born with square eyeballs."

As Bob strolled into Sydney Stadium for his first rehearsal his face took on a pantomime leer.

"Gee, it's great to come all this way to play in a garage. Fancy this being the American Embassy!"

"What's that wire up there?" he asked, pointing to the bleachers, where the barricade gives it a caged look. "For POW's, I suppose."

As he started to introduce the ten mannequins who parade during his act, Bob called for more light to read

the identifying cards he held. "I can't see a thing without my glasses and I left them in the plane. Check those glasses, somebody, or I won't be able to find my way home."

While Bob worked the rain burst down on the roof in a torrent and he looked up apprehensively.

"You'd better rename this show 'The Frog Man Returns'," he urged. "But, anyhow, it sure sounds like applause."

"If this keeps up I'll bow for three days."



SURROUNDED by interviewers (above) on his arrival in Sydney, Bob relaxes under a picture of Bing Crosby, on which he carefully pencilled an unflattering moustache. **RIGHT:** Bob listens to the rain on the roof and ruefully surveys the empty Stadium during a rehearsal.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 8, 1955

BE FREE FROM
PERSPIRATION ODOUR
every minute
of every day...



A super-effective, "Action-Proof" ingredient now in ODO-RO-NO—perfected after years of research—brings you the safest, surest, deodorant protection ever known!

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Rely on double action



ODO-RO-NO
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STOPS BODY ODOUR INSTANTLY
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Also available—liquid Odo-Ro-No with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.

F27

She's got something
to sing about



She's so happy she could sing her head off, because every time her nappy's changed mother smooths on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It's the best thing out for safeguarding against nappy rash.

Every time you change baby's nappy, get into the habit of smoothing on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, then changing nappies becomes a happy, snappy routine.

Trade **VASELINE** Mark **Petroleum**
Brand **Jelly**

"The wonder jelly" is available everywhere. It's a "First Aid Kit in a jar". For cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, chapped lips, dishevelled hands, skin irritations, cradle cap. "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.

ESQUIRE'S HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

By the Editors of "Esquire"

All hosts and hostesses are on firm ground when they use this delightful and inspiring book for reference. The recipes, advices on drinks and suggestions for party games range from plans for a simple family dinner to the most elaborate formal affair.

Price 34/9

From all Booksellers

Page 15

Where millionaires can relax

A hotel closely resembling a native village except in its furnishings and creature comforts is attracting millionaires in Fiji.

It is called Korolevu, which is Fijian for big village, and it is 70 miles from Nandi airport on the road to Suva.

Twenty-four native huts, called mbures, comprise the accommodation. They are built of coconut logs and cane and lined with plaited bamboo, with thatched roofs of coconut-palm leaves.

Interiors of the huts are modern, a mixture of European and native Fijian furnishings. Each mbure has a bedroom and sitting-room combined, and a bathroom such as would scarcely be found in a native mbure.

Drumbeats roll in the early morning to call the guests to morning tea served in a central mbure on the edge of a palm-fringed beach.

Then, if the tide is right, an inspection of the reef starts the day.

It was right when I was there, so I took my camera and joined two American millionaires and their wives, who had asked me to go with them.

With the cameras slung round our necks, we waded through turquoise-blue and pale tropical-green water to the coral fringe, where we saw vividly colored fronds of coral, myriads of brightly colored fish, starfish, and some wonderful shells.

The Americans were delighted when our



ROSA MARGARETA, one of ten housegirls at Korolevu.

guide put on diving gear, took up his spear-gun, and dived off the edge of the reef into 30ft. of water in search of fish.

Spearfishing and swimming are among the relaxations of the guests. A section of the lagoon has been cleared and the swimming area has a bottom of white powdered coral.

As you swim, you hear the surf beating on the reef far out to sea and you see the trade winds bending the fronds of the palms.

Ceremonial Fijian dances (mekes) are performed on a strip of sward exactly like that of most villages. Natives wear traditional dress and paint their faces for the entertainment of the hotel guests.

On arrival at the hotel guests are presented with a polished coconut shell of kava, served in a traditional Fijian manner.

A European menu is provided, but you can also eat kuita (octopus) or vavi (turtle steak). The turtle steak is wrapped in banana leaves and baked in a native stone oven in the ground. Roro, or taro root, staple diet of the Fijians, is also on the menu.

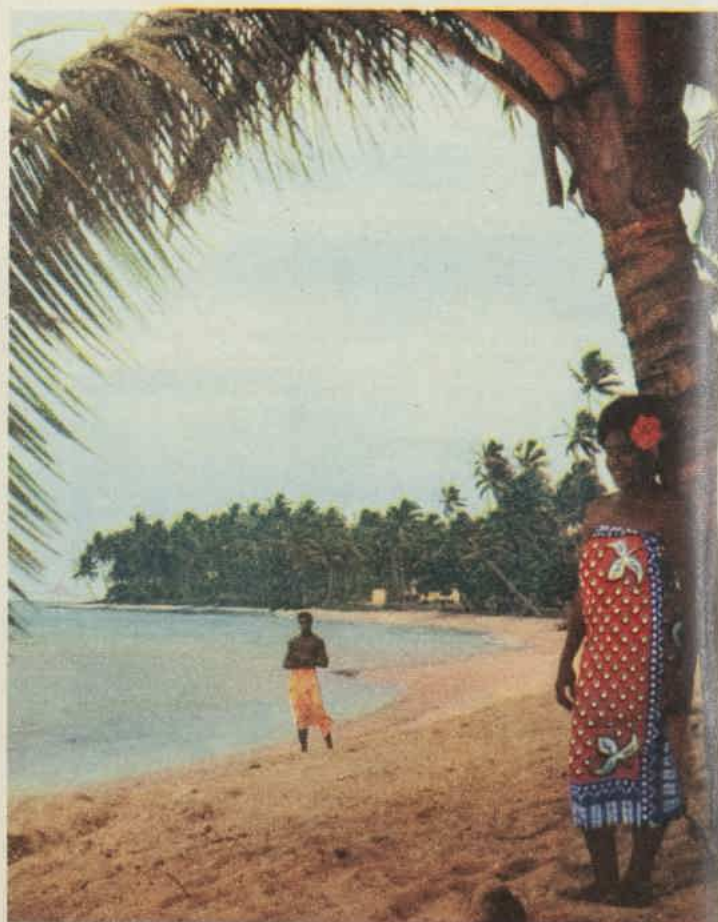
Pictures and story by
ADELIE HURLEY



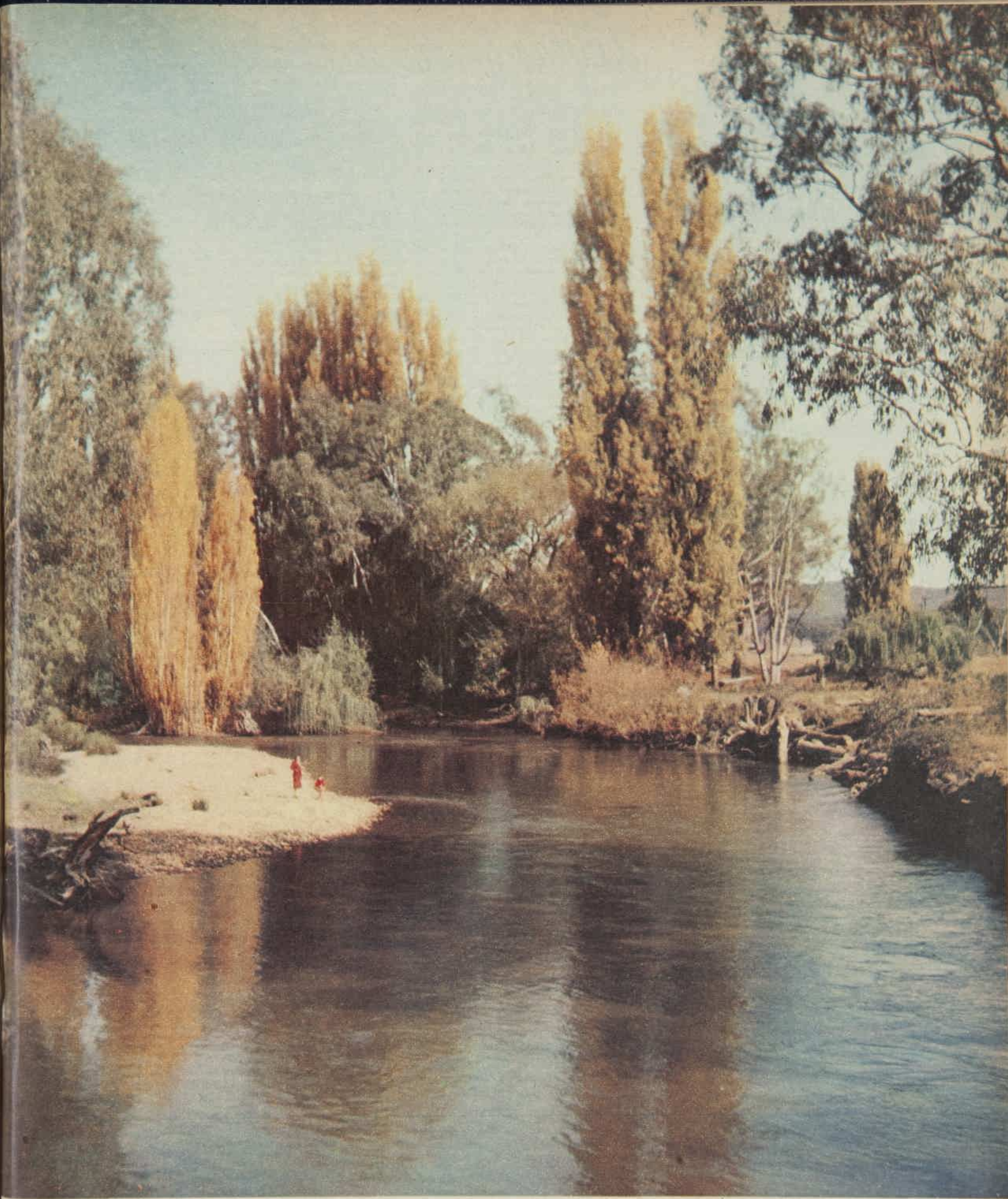
CANE WALLS decorated in the native manner contrast with huge vases of red hibiscus and modern furniture in the lounge at Korolevu Hotel. On the table is the kava bowl, and polished coconut shells from which kava is drunk, preferably in one long draught.



MBURES built on the lines of native huts accommodate the guests. On the steps of this one are two Canadian Pacific Airline pilots who flew the plane in which Adelle Hurley travelled to Fiji. Although millionaires stay there, the hotel rates are similar to the tariff charged at Australian hotels. Korolevu is the only hotel in Fiji built as a village, and it is most popular.



A DREAM SETTING of South Seas island scenery such as this builds up the feeling that holiday-makers are far from the world of 20th-century living, though they travel in high-powered planes and cars to get there. In the picture are two of the hotel staff, who all wear picturesque Fijian dress.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 8, 1955

TUMUT RIVER at Junction Bridge, N.S.W., three miles from the lovely Tumut township in southern New South Wales. At this point the Goobragandra River flows into the Tumut, which runs through some of the most valuable dairying, cattle-raising, and millet-growing country in this State. The district is a favorite spot for fishermen and a tourist resort in autumn, when the trees turn to glorious shades. This picture was taken by Mr. J. M. Joshua, Temora, N.S.W.

Page 17

New Ipana for close-ups



New Ipana with WD-9
keeps you "breath fresh" for
hours after every brushing

Brush your teeth with NEW IPANA (preferably after meals—the way your dentist recommends) and you can be confident about close-ups. IPANA is now made to the formula of the American Ipana voted "tops" by millions of Americans. . . . U.S. tests showed that one brushing with Ipana stops unpleasant mouth odour for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking . . . and eating anything you please (except, naturally, for foods like onions and garlic).

. . . and every brushing fights decay the best-tasting way New Ipana owes its amazing breath-protection partly to its sparkling new mint-fresh flavour—but mostly because it contains WD-9 which destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria. New Ipana with WD-9 is so effective that it can reduce decay up to 60%. And, because WD-9 is regarded as the most powerful (but gentle) cleaning agent yet discovered, your teeth become whiter and brighter from the very first brushing. This very day . . . get New Ipana from your chemist . . . and fight decay the best-tasting way!

Come and get it!

Do remember . . . Ipana is the toothpaste recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists. Ipana is only available from your chemist.



Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

FEWER girls would leave home if mothers helped them furnish a bed-sitting room where they could entertain their own friends privately for coffee and record-playing sessions. Unfortunately, mothers rarely will do this and are more likely to say that daughter's bedroom suite is good for another 20 years. Sell it and get her another and you will be as thrilled as she is when you go shopping with her for the new furniture—divans with bookcase ends and small tables with concealed dressing-table fittings. Your daughter will probably know just what she wants from magazines and you will find yourself surprised at her good taste. Furniture bought, you can both get to work on the curtains and divan cover. Father will want to lend a hand with the decorating, even if he is a bit doubtful about his daughter's choice of colors. Remember the room is not yours, it is your daughter's. Encourage her to keep it nice. Let her make her own suppers in the room, using her own china. You will find she will be out less often, and there will be many evenings when the buzz of conversation and laughter will make you smile at the thought that you were once against the idea.

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) Naomi Aberley, Lillimur, Vic.

ALTHOUGH Australia is supposed to be a democratic country, what a lot of snobbery there is among workers. Teachers patronise office workers, clerks look down on sales girls, who in their turn regard themselves as superior to factory hands. A brief review of other types of employment would show the same lamentable trend. How can women be so stupid? Everybody's job is important in its own way, and provided every worker is doing hers to the best of her ability, she should be honored—as a useful, worthy member of the community.

10/6 to E. M. (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

WHAT has happened to all our grandmothers over the past twenty years? I see plenty of smart and efficient old ladies marching off to business or attending meetings with notebook and pencil, but no white-haired grannies crocheting in the sun or holding their grandchildren by the hand while they watch steam engines. Are they a vanishing generation? Or do I see the past through my rose-tinted magnifying glass?

10/6 to "Nostalgia" (name supplied), Bell, N.S.W.

MOTHER'S DAY has come and gone again and as a mother I want to know why don't we have a Girls' Day or a Girls' Week? We have Mother's Day, Father's Day, Boys' Week, Animals' Week, Book Week, and now Honey Week, and I have heard talk of a Grandmother's Day. Surely girls deserve at least one day per year. We older mothers who are blessed with a daughter are very lucky. I am only one of many mothers who are very thankful to have one of the best of girls. I know of several "girls" who have spent their life being Mother's "Girl."

10/6 to (Mrs.) F. Lowe, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

WHY must people be scandalmongers? Today I was at a tea-party and one woman, who materially lacks nothing, talked scandalously of her neighbors all afternoon. Some of the women present avidly listened to all the gossip, but a number of us were quite disgusted. I eventually asked her which suburb she lived in, as it appeared to me to be a very unsavory district. This effectively stopped the gossip, but I felt sorry for those whose lives were being discussed.

10/6 to "Anti-Scandal" (name supplied), Brisbane.

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter pub-
lished on this page.

THE average gents' hairdressing saloon, catering for boys as a sideline, is hardly a fit place for a child to wait while other customers are attended to. The reading matter available is usually sexy and amply illustrated with suggestive drawings and photographs. Many of these places are keen for juvenile trade. It is up to them to provide books or comics fit for children to read.

10/6 to (Mrs.) D. J. Hislop, Attadale, W.A.

PEOPLE often hinder the convalescence of a patient just returned home from the hospital by ringing her up and visiting her. A better idea would be to contact mutual friends and arrange to provide a meal each day for the patient. This would be a real help, particularly to a harassed husband trying to keep the household running, looking after the children, as well as going to work each day. The patient, too, would be able to rest better relieved of the worry of thinking of one meal a day.

10/6 to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Warrandyte, Vic.

Embroidery — lost art?

I AGREE that hand embroidery is almost a lost art among teenagers, as Mrs. Shirley said (The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/5/55), but I believe it is better so. Hours and hours that were once spent at this work are now put to better use, such as dressmaking or attending one of the many handicraft classes. My own daughter, recently married, had little needlework to "show" in her trousseau, the necessary duchesse sets being of bought lace, but she made her own trousseau clothes, including her wedding and travelling dresses.

10/6 to "Better Days" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

EMBROIDERY is by no means a dying art among teenagers, but, nowadays, if a girl of 13 or 14 starts to talk about her glory box and getting married, her parents would tell her not to be silly—that there is plenty of time later to think of such things. I am a teenager myself and I and many of my friends do embroidery for our mothers or some other relative. We still embroider duchesse sets, although perhaps sometimes they are a little bit grubby when finished.

10/6 to Judith Hall, Richmond, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR son, aged seven and a half, could not learn to spell, so I took him to an ear specialist, and found out he is slightly deaf. He was so far behind with his spelling that I arranged with his teacher to help him at home with a list of the year's spelling, which was a big job.

To help him I drew the alphabet, letter by letter, on thick cardboard and son painted them brightly with his paints, then cut them out and put them in an attractive box. I ask him to spell a word and he puts the cut-out letters together like a jigsaw puzzle and then I teach him to write them.

We are very thrilled with his progress. He is now interested and works hard at his jigsaw words and is very keen and good at it.

£1/1/- to "Speller" (name supplied), Dandenong, Vic.

Beauty Expert's
advice on an

INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hair—and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter,



Cream away
ugly under-
arm hair in
summer.



legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.

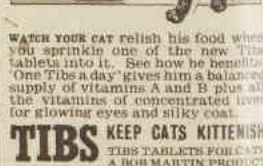
Large Economy (double size), 4/11

Medium Size, 3/-

Slightly more in some country districts.

Show girls
cream away
ugly hair.

TIBS—NOW EVEN BETTER FOR YOUR CAT (IN HANDY TABLETS)



WATER YOUR CAT relish his food when you sprinkle one of the new Tibs tablets into it. See how he benefits. One Tibs a day gives him a balanced supply of vitamins A and B plus all the vitamins of concentrated liver for glowing eyes and silky coat.

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH. TIBS TABLETS FOR CATS. A BIG MAINTENANCE PRODUCT.

Australian Agents: SALMOND & SPRAGGON (Aust.) PTY. LTD., 1 York St. North, SYDNEY.

ARE YOU ASHAMED? OF YOUR NAILS

There is no excuse for ugly cuticle or unattractive, painful hangnails caused by repeated cutting with scissors or sharp instruments.

With CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover, you can safely remove unattractive cuticle in just half the time—and prevent painful hangnails. Apply Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover around sides and base of nails with manicure stick and cotton wool supplied with every bottle. Simply wipe away loosened cuticle leaving a smooth trim outline to your nails.

CUTEX
OILY CUTICLE
REMOVER

The Latin Look

● Focal point of the new Latin Look is the eyes, framed by winged eyebrows and outlined with pencil to increase their size.

THE Latin Look will be introduced to Australia next week at our Italian parades held in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

It demands straighter, longer hair done in a classical style and removes emphasis from the mouth by the use of a natural colored matt lipstick.

The natural eyebrow line is strengthened and carried out to a curving winged end. Eye outlining is done on the upper and lower eyelids, joining in another upward wing beyond the natural eye-line.

GERALDINE BRANSON with her old look—shining red mouth, light eye make-up.



GERALDINE wears the Latin Look—it gives a look of classic charm and dignity despite the frankly artificial eye make-up.



GERALDINE shows you how to apply the upward-winging eyebrow curve.



SHE finishes the delicate job of joining the outlining beyond the eye-line.



UPWARD sweeps with mascara finish the job, give you the Latin Look.

Nylon's weave lets it breathe

... brings you control that isn't clumsy, shapeliness that won't shrink or stretch, fit that's firmly beautiful all its life long. Easy-to-wash, light-in-wear Nylon Foundations, Girdles, Bras ... are aspects of practical Nylon, today's versatile textile that keeps you warm in winter, cool in summer and glamorous always ...

IN THIS MODERN WORLD

nylon
BELONGS



One of a series of advertisements dealing with the practical advantages of Nylon merchandise. Inserted by British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Mon., the suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.



your **ONE** perfect make-up

Cream Powder*

BY
COTY

*Incredibly fine "AirSpun" face powder blended with "Vicotol" cream base.

Smooth on soft, sheer CREAM POWDER in an uncomplicated 30-second make-up routine for a confident five hours or more of beauty. Lines and pores will seem to disappear... you'll have a "young" face that will feel and look so soft and supple... so glowingly natural, without a hint of "smother" or patchiness. And, best of all, because of the special emollients in its perfectly balanced cream base, CREAM POWDER will never let your skin feel tight and mask-like: it is definitely non-drying.

One perfect make-up: a spill-proof, pressed cake in a beautiful, pearl and gold compact, with mirror and puff (13/6). Refill and a new puff, in a slim, white plastic case, 9/6.

Four glorious shades: Wild Honey (warm apricot); Sunny Peach (luminous pink); Sugar Bloude (fresh, young shade for a light complexion); Royal Tan (for a sun-kissed complexion).

"AIRSPUN." Internationally known "AirSpun" face powder is produced by an exclusive Coty process which results in particles of powder so small that "AirSpun" is indeed incredibly soft and fine. As a matter of interest, all the ingredients in CREAM POWDER are milled to particles varying in size between 10 and 14 microns.

CREAM BASE. Coty CREAM POWDER, among other emollients, contain both Lanoline and "Vicotol"—each beneficial to the skin. "Vicotol" contains cholesterol and lecithin, well-known skin deficiencies.



COMPACT
13/6

REFILL
9/6

COTY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

Worth Reporting Book News

By Helen Frisell

Elizabeth de Trevino, American by birth and Mexican by marriage, has, with "My Heart Lies South," produced a charming book.

A journalist, she was sent on an assignment to Mexico, where she met and married tall, black-eyed, black-moustached Luis Trevino Gomez.

After witnessing the "serenatas"—and the carefully conducted ritual of Mexican courtships—Elizabeth sometimes wondered how she and Luis ever became engaged, much less married.

In "serenatas," girls walk clockwise round the city square, boys anti-clockwise, with eagle-eyed chaperons.

Months may pass before the senorita speaks, before the acquaintance progresses, before a formal introduction is contrived.

Nevertheless, romance does flourish. Eventually the bridegroom pays for the bride's wedding dress, trousseau, the banquet, and reception.

Elizabeth de Trevino, writing with humor and affection, makes Mexico and its people sound fascinating and lovable.

Published by Gollancz. (Copy from the publishers.)

HOME economist Dawn Manning, who for the past two months has been touring Sydney suburbs with a modern mobile kitchen, has talked to thousands of housewives and husbands about the latest household gadgets.

After she had delivered a half-hour talk about 40 new appliances, an elderly man approached her.

"Very nice, Miss," he said, "but I wouldn't trust MY wife with those things."

"Why not?" asked Miss Manning. "They're safe."

"I know, but they'd give the missus too much time for playing around."

Schoolgirls learn floral art

PEOPLE who set flowers in front of a window are open to rebuke from schoolgirls at Strathcona Girls' Baptist Grammar School in Melbourne.

Lately they have been learning how to pick, arrange, and care for flowers as a hobbies club activity, and plucking flowers in windy weather and placing them, when arranged, in draughty spots in a room are among the cardinal "don'ts."

The Strathcona girls' mentor is a member of the school council, Mrs. Alwyn Spicer, one of Melbourne's leading floral decor experts.

Mrs. Spicer said she borrowed the idea of teaching floral appreciation from Japan, where it is one of the main subjects for girls doing fine arts courses.

"An interesting feature of the experiment," she added, "is that some of the girls who had built up reputations as 'no-hopers' at schoolwork have shown such imagination and skill with flowers that teachers have taken fresh heart in helping them with ordinary lessons."



"Had your TV set long?"

Olympic Games accommodation

MRS. MOLLIE RICHES, a war widow who has been appointed one of Melbourne's six field officers to arrange private accommodation for Olympic Games visitors, gets some odd reactions when she makes her house-to-house calls.

At one home a young schoolboy pleaded with his mother to "make sure we get an American. And tell him to bring his speed-car with him."

Part of Mrs. Riches' job is to "grade" each house and advise the householder of the amount he may charge his "guests" per day.

She also asks the householder's preference for nationality and religion, and takes into account his particular sporting interest.

The Olympic Games Organising Committee in Melbourne estimates that it will have to find accommodation for 22,000 visitors.

Applications are pouring in with every mail.

The 8000 requests so far received have been met satisfactorily by the organisers.

A FRIEND of ours recently came across an aboriginal woman in western Queensland who kept her stockings up with bands of fine copper wire.

Nylons, too!

ADELAIDE COTTAGE in Windsor Great Park, which was once the "grace and favor" residence of Group-Captain Peter Townsend, is now being used by the Royal Family as a house to picnic in.

Stripped of all the Townsends' personal belongings, Adelaide Cottage is now dust-sheeted, except for the living-room, which is opened up for Royal visits.

It lies halfway between Windsor Castle and Royal Lodge and is within easy walking distance of both.

Every Sunday afternoon, and occasionally on Saturdays, Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother walk across to Adelaide Cottage from Royal Lodge, where they spend their weekends, to take tea with the Queen, Prince Charles, and Princess Anne, who walk over from Windsor Castle.

A servant goes in advance, sets the table, and leaves everything ready for the Royal tea party.

For a happy hour or two the Queen Mother plays with her grandchildren or reads to them while the Royal sisters chat over the tea-table.

When the Duke of Edinburgh is not playing polo he walks down to the cottage with the Queen.

Late for her wedding

FIRST woman in New Zealand to become a veterinarian is Mrs. Mabel Christmas-Harvey, now on her way to Europe on her first holiday in 28 years of caring for animals.

"While I am abroad," Mrs. Christmas-Harvey said, "I'm going to try to persuade as many women vets as I can to come out to New Zealand."

"Women have more sympathy with smaller pets than men. The men are too busy with their horses and cattle to bother about little animals."

Mrs. Christmas-Harvey said that being a vet meant irregular hours and a lot of hard work.

"I'm hauled out of bed at all hours," she said. "One year I had so many calls on Christmas Day that I finally had to give away my Christmas dinner to the dogs."

"My wedding day was just as bad. I was just leaving for the church when some people arrived with a puppy with a broken leg."

"I started to say, 'But I'm just going to get married.' Then I took another look at the little dangling leg, and simply had to stay and put a temporary splint on it."

"I was a quarter of an hour late for my wedding."

"The children back home all call me Auntie Christmas," Mrs. Christmas-Harvey added. "I have had a letter from a friend in Christchurch who said that after I left two small boys came around looking for me. They had a small white mouse with a broken leg and were sure Auntie Christmas could fix it."

IDEAL HUSBAND QUEST:

Four £1000 cars are contest prizes

Which 12 qualities combine to make an ideal husband and father? In this contest we will give you 32 qualities from which to choose the 12 you consider most essential.

EACH week we will publish a coupon on which four qualities are stated. Competitors keep these coupons until they have the eight, giving the full set of 32 qualities.

With the eighth coupon we will publish an entry form on which the selected 12 qualities must be entered, and attached to the set of eight coupons.

After the last coupon has been published on July 13, the judges, all women, will make their own selections, and when these have been computed on the same basis as the preferential voting system, the 12 qualities which emerge will be the correct answer.

Prizes in the contest are four Hillman Minx sedan cars,

Competitors have until August 17 to complete their entries. No envelopes will be opened until that date. This will give ample time to consider the 32 qualities as a whole and make your final choice.

COUPON No. 3

9. An understanding father

10. Candid nature

11. Cordial to wife's friends

12. Good appearance

The Kents' new home

Duchess transforms palace apartment

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The Duchess of Kent, now comfortably settled with her family in their "grace and favor" residence at Kensington Palace, is realising a long-cherished wish, to have again a home in London . . . a home for the life she leads.

THE 22-room apartment at the Palace is now a Royal residence and a miracle of light and loveliness. It is also a very happy home.

Visitors stepping out of the museum-like approach to the old Palace through the tall black door to the Duchess' home find themselves in an entrance hall separated by a screen from the main corridor to the rest of the apartments in the Palace.

Navy blue, so dark that it is nearly black, cream, and yellow are the colors used in the hall. The carpets on the floor and the beautiful 17th-century King's staircase are navy, and the finely decorated scrolled ceiling is painted yellow. The walls are cream.

The staircase, with its beautiful hand railing, sweeping from the hall, is as perfect as anything of its period.

The navy carpet covering the stairs also runs along the main corridors in the apartment.

When the Duchess first looked over the twenty-two rooms that were to be her home everything was dark and dingy and not the least bit inspiring.

The aspect was south-westerly and unlikely to catch much sunshine.

Mildew and fungi covered the walls.

The Queen had asked the

Duchess to accept this slice of the Palace as a "grace and favor" residence.

While it was being restored, the Duchess, with palette and brush, worked out color schemes.

In the salerooms of antique dealers the Duchess searched for and found Georgian chimney-pieces. She bought seven in all.

When the rooms were restored and redecorated she brought her collection of antique furniture and paintings, fine china, silver, all her precious possessions (many of them wedding presents) from store.

Rich carpets

THEY have been there since 1939, when the Kents left No. 3 Belgrave Square.

In the store was a fine Aubusson carpet, nearly 22 feet long, which now covers the floor of the Duchess' drawing-room.

The pale gold and white walls and ornate ceiling reflect the light in this room. Recurring gills and glass of mirrors and objects which are placed in balanced pairs are complete when the eye lingers, but are as well a harmonious part of the whole.

This is the Duchess' artistic arrangement, just as the placing of each object in the salon so that it is distinctive yet



THE DUCHESS OF KENT at one of her many public engagements. Now that she is living in London, the Duchess and her daughter will perform more Royal public duties.

fades into the background is hers.

It is in the reception room the cultivated taste and the real artistry of the Duchess of Kent is reflected.

The pale gold upholstered settees, glittering chandeliers, and fine pieces of furniture of a more leisured age are carefully grouped.

It is a spacious room where the Duchess of Kent's friends are as much at home as Princess Alexandra's thumping out jive on the piano.

And a Continental touch—boxes of sweets are placed on tables.

In all there are three floors to the Kents' apartment, with bedrooms on the floor above the reception rooms.

There are six bedrooms, three very spacious with their own dressing-rooms and bathroom, each forming a small suite.

The Duchess has one and Princess Alexandra another. The vivid contrast of red and white in the furnishing of the Duchess' bedroom is the most striking of the color combinations in her home.

Yet it is a refreshingly simple room, uncluttered, with plenty of space.

White glazed chintz, patterned with splashes of red flowers shading off to pink, is used for curtains at the long windows and for covering the fauteuils. The walls are white and the bed is covered with white satin.

Wall carpeting in this room is cherry, repeated in the flowered chintz.

On the carpet are occasional rugs of the finest and most beautiful petit point.

This surprisingly modern color scheme has, however, an old-world atmosphere, for the Duchess has, very cleverly, introduced Regency touches.

Small round tables covered in red velvet and standing on marble bases are scattered around the room. They were specially made for the Duchess by a craftsman she found who could work from illustrations.

She had him copy from a book.

Softening the starkness of the walls are groups of miniatures in beautiful old gilt frames.

In complete contrast to the red-and-white bedroom is the bathroom, which is very dark green and a pale salmon-pink.

Green for the bathroom has always been a favorite with the Duchess, whose first home at 3 Belgrave Square had the famous green, black, and gold bathroom, said to be the most elaborate in London.

Looking down on to the garden, with its 17th-century wall of stonework mellowed by time, are the long windows of Princess Alexandra's bedroom.

It is the best in the house.

Girl's dream

GUIDED by her mother, the Princess chose the decorations herself. And it is a young girl's dream.

The wallpaper is white, patterned with bunches of carnations shading from pink to red and tied with loose green streamers.

The fresh green of the ribbons picks up the green of the carpet.

Light green curtains with white nylon window curtains fall full length to the floor.

Family photos and snapshots stand on the dressing-table in silver frames.

There is a gilt settee at the end of the Princess' bed, two easy chairs covered in glazed chintz, repeating the colors in the wallpaper, and a dressing-table with a frill in a much darker shade of green.

The dining-room is pure Adam in its classic proportions, its color, and furniture. It has a gem of an Adam fireplace, which the Duchess had installed when the apartments were being restored. But it is not a large room—it seats only twelve for dinner.

"The Duchess likes very small dinner parties, and, for formal entertaining, late evening receptions," one of her Ladies in Waiting told me.

Flower-fresh the live-long day



Now you and your clothes can remain

fresh, air-sweet and beautifully perfumed

right through the day. Cool, smooth,

dual-purpose Coty deodorant Talc gives

all-over body protection (something

under-arm deodorants cannot possibly

give) . . . and actually stops perspiration

odours before they start. Five

distinguished perfumes,



5/6

deodorant
TALC

BY

COTY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

T.142



FORMAL DANCE. Princess Alexandra of Kent at the Rose Ball on Alexandra Day dancing with Mr. Jeremy Pinckney. It was the first big ball of Alexandra's debutante season.

THE MOST NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE!

THE FASTEST HOME PERMANENT!

THE LONGEST LASTING WAVE!



**Crest guarantees
all this . . . or double
your money back**

YOU'LL MARVEL at the softly falling waves, the natural-looking curls when you comb up your first Crest Home Permanent. You'll see how shining-soft Crest leaves your hair!

Crest, with its amazing Creme-Rose lotion, perms so swiftly, so gently, is so good for your hair. And you'll find the wave *lasts* so long.

Crest is simplicity itself. In no time at all you'll have a lovely soft wave that looks like naturally curly hair—and is just as easy to manage.

On duty... Off duty

ATTRACTIVE PAN AMERICAN
HOSTESSES PREFER CREST

Good grooming is an important part of this smart hostess' job. And Crest keeps her hair-do at its beautiful best. Whether she's surfing on tropical Waikiki Beach or attending to passengers on the long hops to America, her Crest wave stays manageable, soft and natural-looking.



*** Double your money back offer . . .**

The makers of Crest are so sure you'll be satisfied that if it doesn't give you the best results you've ever had from a home perm, when used according to instructions, they'll give you double your money back.

Full Kit, 24/-; Refill (using any make of curler), 12/6; Junior Kit (for end curls), 8/6.

Crest - the choice of Pan American hostesses

THE HIROSHIMA MAIDENS



BELOW: "The Hiroshima Maidens," 25 Japanese girls disfigured by atom-bomb blast, arrive at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, for treatment.

LEFT: Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto (right foreground), the minister who brought the girls to America, was standing by to encourage them when they entered hospital.



Japanese atom-bomb victims to get surgical treatment in U.S.

The Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, a Methodist minister, was luckier than most in Hiroshima on the morning of August 6, 1945.

Like other Japanese who expected a massive air-raid by the American B-29 bombers he had decided to move from the centre of the city.

HE piled hymnals, Bibles, and altar gear on to a pushcart and had trundled it two miles from his church to the home of a friend when the atom bomb exploded.

Fate, which had been decided thousands of miles away, was less kind to the girl students at their classes in a school a mile from the spot which had been designated "zero centre" for the bomb.

When the searing flash burst over the city like a sheet of sun, Mr. Tanimoto had time to bound for cover between

the bomb's blemishes could be removed by American plastic surgeons.

The face of every girl was disfigured. Even now, some wear bandages over their eyes and on their hands. Through their stockings the flashburns on their legs show.

Doctors were shocked by these atomic burns. The Hiroshima Maidens hid their faces self-consciously.

But this soon passed, because they were filled with hope.

After a year in America, during which time they would be operated on by some of

Although there were plenty like them in Hiroshima, he said, they suffered because after they went through the "unspeakable ordeal, the agony and pain" they were "jeered at" by other Japanese in the streets.

They were painfully self-conscious about the scars and burns they had suffered.

When Mr. Tanimoto learned of the pathetic group of girls, he turned his church into a haven for them. He sought medical aid and tried to get jobs for them.

Largely through his efforts, American individuals and organisations arranged for their trip and treatment.

The surgeons at Mount Sinai, who are giving their services free, are as hopeful as the girls themselves about the success of the operations they face.

"Their injuries don't present too many problems for our plastic surgery," Dr. Hitzig, assistant clinical professor at Columbia University, said. "Some of their atomic burns are bad second and third degree ones, yes, but we can do a great deal for them. There is hope for tomorrow and they know it now."

The guardian of the Hiroshima Maidens, meanwhile, has been wasting no time.

By telephone I managed to catch up with Mr. Tanimoto this week as he hurried through middle-west States on a lecture tour to raise funds so that more Hiroshima victims

From
MICHAEL RAMSDEN
in New York

can come to this country for treatment.

Mr. Tanimoto was in Chicago. He spoke affectionately of his charges as "the young ladies."

"The young ladies," he said, "are so delighted." Like Dr. Hitzig, he was concerned about the mental scars the A-bomb had inflicted since it burst on them.

He explained how cloistered their lives had been since they recovered from their initial injuries and were left disfigured.

"They could not continue their schoolwork," he said.

"Those who were not orphaned have lived mostly in their homes, helping their mothers."

"After the bomb, only a third of Hiroshima was left. The city has many, many strangers living there today, and people who would make these young ladies feel very self-conscious. It was hard for them to find work and impossible for them to find husbands."

"In Western civilisation maybe life would not have been as difficult. But Japanese girls do not have the advantages of Western women."

Mr. Tanimoto added simply:

"I have tried to give them spiritual comfort and help."

He confided that some of them had deep-rooted fears which went beyond their more-obvious worries.

"They are still afraid of the atomic disease," he said. "They suffered radiation sickness, of course, after the bomb and they are still in fear of developing it again. People



TEN-YEAR-OLD SCARS of atom blast still disfigure the face of this Japanese girl. With 24 others she is now undergoing a year-long series of surgical operations in America.

in Hiroshima still die suddenly from the atomic disease."

The quick-talking minister paused. Then he said: "This trip is going to mean new life for them. The young ladies are so delighted and so grateful."

A-bomb survivor Tanimoto

Mental scars, too

himself felt emotion of another sort.

He found himself in Hollywood and on a nation-wide television programme.

He was asked to tell what happened in Hiroshima on the morning of August 6, ten years ago. Sombrely, he told how he had been fortunate enough to escape injury and how he later walked into the flattened, burning city to aid survivors.

Then, on to the stage walked a young man Mr. Tanimoto had never seen before.

They were introduced. Mr. Tanimoto found he was meeting Captain Robert Lewis, United States Air Force, the co-pilot of the B29 Enola Gay that dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima on that morning.

Mr. Tanimoto hesitated. Then the two men shook hands. Captain Lewis, now personnel manager in a New York candy-making company, described how the bomb that killed nearly 100,000 people and wounded an equal number more was dropped.

"As the bomb fell over Hiroshima and exploded," he said, "we saw an entire city disappear."

"I wrote in my log the words: 'My God, what have we done?'"

"A dark, sad life"

two large rocks in his friend's garden, and was unharmed as the house splintered.

In the girls' school, only fifty children out of three hundred survived, and last month twenty-five of them came to America with Mr. Tanimoto.

The "Hiroshima Maidens," as they called themselves, are now young women in their late teens and early twenties.

Looking awkward in Western clothes instead of Japanese dress and sandals, they smiled diffidently at Americans who stared at them without meaning to.

For most of those who met them were seeing for the first time what an atom bomb does.

Ten years after the Hiroshima A-bomb exploded, they have come to the U.S. so that

the nation's top surgeons, they could look forward to returning home with their looks restored.

As they bowed, Japanese nurse, to the doctors and nurses who would care for them in the skyscraper Mount Sinai Hospital in Manhattan, they had a lot to thank fellow A-bomb survivor Tanimoto for.

The American-educated minister had not met them until four years ago, long after the debris of scarred Hiroshima was cleared away.

But the intervening years had been a period of semi-seclusion for the former schoolmates. Explained Tokio newspaper reporter Kiyosaki Murata, who acted as interpreter: "They lived a dark, sad life."



THICK AND CREAMY with the delicious flavour of real celery. It's new!

**DINNER BUILT AROUND
CONTINENTAL CREAM OF CELERY**
Rissoles, green beans, pumpkin and potatoes.
Lemon meringue pie.



HOT AND TASTY treat for shivery days with five fresh vegetables in tomato stock. (How about filling a vacuum flask with this for Dad to take to work?)

**LUNCH BUILT AROUND
CONTINENTAL TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP**
Toasted cheese sandwiches. Tea or coffee



CLEAR OR CREAMY*! Either way you'll love Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. And always the tempting taste of real chicken in a delicately seasoned stock, brimming with enriched egg noodles.

**DINNER BUILT AROUND
CONTINENTAL CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP**
Grilled chops, green peas, grilled tomatoes, mashed potatoes. Fruit salad and ice cream.

From my kitchen to yours . . .

More happy, wholesome meal suggestions built around Continental Soups

by Betty King



Home Economist
of World Brands

All families have a way of wanting their favourite dishes served often—and every good mother tries to indulge this fancy.

But you know as well as I that variety makes meals more appetising—and your time in the kitchen more interesting. Ever thought about planning a meal around soup? Luncheon snacks, perhaps? Or a special dinner? There's no more tempting and good-for-them way to start any family meal.

HOME-MADE IN MINUTES

When it comes to soup-making to-day, we have it all over grandmother's generation. For instance, with a soup like Continental brand, you can have steaming bowls of luscious soup on the table in minutes! No more tedious preparation. No more long hours of expensive simmering.

FRESH FLAVOUR AND GOODNESS

There's all the taste and freshness of the best home-made soups in Continental brand. That we guarantee. For, here in the Betty King Kitchen, we

spent months tasting and testing these soups. Of course only the very finest ingredients go into every packet of Continental brand. And remember, you can make four substantial helpings from one little packet.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Naturally, you'll most often want to serve Continental brand Soup just as it is. But a hint worth remembering is to use it, too, as a basic ingredient for savouries and stews, or to heighten the flavour of your own stock pot. Keep several packets always handy.

... make sure it's Continental Soup

* Cream Style in minutes!

You can make a superb creamy soup from Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in a matter of minutes.

CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

Cook 1 packet "Continental" Chicken Noodle Soup as directed, but using only 3 cups water instead of 4 as stated on packet. Stir in 1 cup white sauce (unsalted).

FOR SAUCE: Add 1 level tablespoon flour to ½ oz. melted butter. Cook several minutes without browning then add 1 cup milk. Stir till the sauce boils and thickens.



FIRST HOME. Dutch migrants Mr. and Mrs. John Raaymakers built this garage to live in while building their house.

FINISHED. A plumber and an electrician were the only tradesmen who helped to equip this home which the Raaymakers built at Miranda.

They started with only £25

By MARJORIE PLUNKETT

When John Raaymakers landed in Australia from Holland he had £25. Now he and his wife are the proprietors of a motel—Tung-Yu Park, Kenthurst—in the beautiful hills district near Sydney.

TUNG-YU PARK has a restaurant, ballroom, holiday cabins, and a swimming-pool in the creek which runs through its 40 acres of bushland. The garden was laid out in the Chinese manner by the original owner, a White Russian who planted the tung-oil trees from which the property gets its name.

John Raaymakers (pronounced Ryemarkers) arrived in Australia alone. He was a qualified accountant, and he had £25 in his pocket, but he spoke only the smattering of English he had learned at school.

He worked as a storeman and in a bakery, and then took a job washing dishes in a restaurant from 7.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. so he could do another job as a shift-worker in a cotton mill from 3.30 p.m. until 11.30 p.m.

"I needed every penny I could earn," he told me, "because Anne, my fiancée, was coming out from Holland and we were to be married."

He improved his knowledge of English by reading newspapers with the help of a dictionary.

"By the time Anne arrived I'd saved quite a bit of money," John said, "and I'd persuaded one of Sydney's biggest margarine manufacturers to give me a trial as an accounting clerk."

"By our wedding day I was back in my old position."



HIS ESTATE. John Raaymakers in a favorite spot in the bush at Tung-Yu Park.



THE MAIN BUILDING at Tung-Yu Park, now owned by the Raaymakers, showing the exterior of the restaurant ballroom. A semi-open-air section attached to the main room is also used for the service of meals.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1955

Anne had brought £25 capital with her, too, but it was stolen when the ship arrived in Melbourne.

John is now in charge of the margarine company's shipping department, and also draws up its production quotas for all States.

Anne could speak less English than John when she arrived, but she took a job, and became a competent bookkeeper.

They bought a block of land at Miranda, an outer suburb, and cleared it themselves at weekends.

With the help of a building-society loan they put up a ready-cut timber garage which they turned into a miniature Dutch house, with furniture from Holland.

The lean-to kitchen was built from the packing-cases in which the furniture was sent. They lived in this "doll's house" for a year while they built a full-sized timber house.

But by this time they had been joined by Anne's father, Mr. Perey (pronounced Perry), a civil engineer, her mother, and her 19-year-old twin brothers, Henk and Rob.

Henk and Rob lived in a tent while they helped Anne and John finish the house.

They finished it so well that when it was for sale they had many offers for "the beautiful Dutch home."

"We hated parting with that home because of the work that had gone into it, but we have always had an ambition to run a restaurant of our own," John said. "When we saw Tung-Yu Park we fell in love with it."

The family moved into Tung-Yu Park just before Christmas. The Perey twins now work in offices in the daytime, study architecture at night, and in the weekends take it in turn to don a waiter's jacket and help in the restaurant.

"On Christmas Day we didn't dare eat any Christmas dinner ourselves in case many people should turn up at the restaurant," Anne Raaymakers said. "But the customers didn't arrive—so we ate Christmas dinner for two weeks afterwards!"

Now the restaurant is becoming known for its Australian and Dutch-style food, and there is dancing there every Saturday night.

Gossard

Styled in U.S.A.
Now OFFER you

Flattery with the lighter touch

The season changes—so does fashion. Now you are planning your new wardrobe, remember that only a well-groomed figure can set off those elegant new styles. There is a lovely Gossard foundation for every figure, creating a smooth, moulded line with the lightest possible touch.

2053. High-fashion corselette, in firm honeycomb elastic with downstretch satin elastic front and back and 'Narroline' side panels. Embroidered Nylon marquisette bra. A diamond-shaped reinforcement hugs the waistline at back for a sleeker line. For average figures in bust sizes 33 to 40. White. £6/18/- ea.

2005. Comfort and control is the theme of this Gossard Satin Lastex and Leno elastic garment. For the Heavier Figure and not a single bone. Embroidered Nylon Marquisette bust section and padded adjustable shoulder straps. 33-40. White and Nude. £8/5/- ea.

DO YOU PASS THE MODEL TEST?

This new free booklet tells you how you can have the glamour and poise of a model. Just write to The H. W. Gossard Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 67 Franklin St., Melbourne or call at your favourite corset salon.

NAME

ADDRESS



"I thought my blouse was white
... until I saw John's
PERSIL-WHITE SHIRT"



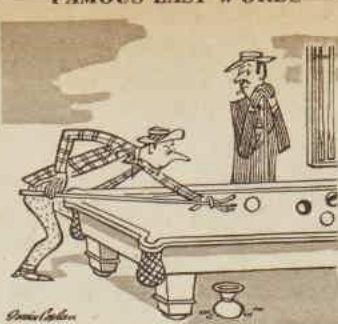
"IT WAS A BLOW TO MY PRIDE when I saw how dull my blouse looked beside John's Persil-White shirt, but it taught me a lesson! I've got Mum using Persil now."

Don't wait for an embarrassing moment like this to happen to you. Change to Persil now. You see, Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. Millions of tiny oxygen suds work through and through the weave till every bit of dirt is out. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanliness! And Persil is gentle to ALL your wash—kind to your hands, too.



PERSIL WASHES WHITER—
that means cleaner!

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Just look at those long sensitive fingers. Some day that boy of ours will be a famous surgeon or violinist."

MOTHER



"Speak up . . . and speak properly. Don't say, 'Oi doan loike that loidy's foice,' say, 'I don't like that lady's face.'"

It seems to me

TO hand, one of those now familiar pictures of the fireball caused by an atom bomb.

The lines with it were more arresting than the picture. They stated that this atomic detonation from a 500-foot tower at the Yucca Flats test site, Nevada, U.S.A., "marked the 14th and final of the 1955 Spring Series."

Spring blossoms, spring bonnets, and now spring bombs. Cheery, isn't it?

There is, however, one optimistic thought to be dredged from the current wave of gloomy prophecies about the effects of atom bombing. It is possible that the predictions of the freakish effects which radioactivity could have on future generations may serve as a greater anti-war deterrent than any so far.

It is difficult to imagine destruction on an immense and instantaneous scale, but it is not difficult for parents to imagine their shock and grief at producing an abnormal child.

Humanity's strongest instinct is to ensure the continuance of the race, and it may be that the affront to this instinct will cause nations to think more constructively about preserving peace than they ever have before.

CONDUCTOR Sir John Barbirolli pulled down quite an interesting storm of correspondence on his head after his remarks about the proposed new opera house on the shores of Sydney Harbor.

Approving the site, Sir John added that he liked "a church to look like a church, and an opera house to look like an opera house."

The moderns have leapt at the throat of this remark, but one knows exactly what Sir John meant. He hopes the new opera house won't look like a hospital.

Current architectural fashion tends to be somewhat stark. The contemporary house, for instance, looks at times like a glass-walled shed. However, if, as is planned at present, a competition is held for the design, something good should come out of it. The site is one to inspire architects.

PROMISED: A self-operating, atom-powered vacuum cleaner with a magnetic memory to guide it round a room.

This device, according to an expert in the field, could be a reality within ten years.

What I want to know is, will the thing remember to move the suitcase and the two hat-boxes under my bed, and the three cases from under the spare bed? What will it do about the cigarette packet and the novel I dropped behind the armchair the night before last? Not chew them up in its maw, I hope.

Clearing the room ready for this creature will be as much work as ever. Some man has designed it for a large expanse of carpet in a theatre foyer.

Pardon me if I give a sceptical female yawn.



Dorothy Drann

DECISION by a New York court that a legatee is entitled to reject his inheritance brought into prominence a young man's idealism.

Eugene Suter, the central figure of the case, is 22 years old. He said it would violate his moral and political principles to accept £178,000 left by his father, and added, "I have two hands and a head of my own."

The trustees tried to compel him to take the legacy, but the court ruled otherwise.

It is quite frightening to think of how the young man, 20 years hence, may regret the lost money. If he marries, his wife had better be someone of similar principles, otherwise his life could be lived to a continual accompaniment of remarks beginning, "If only."

Idealism belongs to youth, though few people are called on to demonstrate it in such a spectacular manner.

The years have a way of quenching the fire of youthful zeal, and most people tend to forget that the fire was ever alight.

Apropos of that, it always seems a pity that more middle-aged people do not look at themselves squarely as they change. Many, who were once full of plans for reforming the world, decide in middle age that the world does not need reforming at all.

It would be better to say, "I have become used to the world. At my age it suits me very well as it is, since the last thing I wish to do now is to change my habits and be pushed into something new."

IN Massachusetts, U.S.A., Mrs. Eleanor B. Peirce, now 100, says that when she was a child aboard her father's ship her baby-carriage was a box fastened to the back of a turtle.

The trouble with most centenarians is that their reminiscences are seldom at variance.

Usually they praise the modern girl and describe a married life

In which there was never a cross word between husband and wife;

Or else they talk about the Crimean War, Which everyone knows is true and is therefore a bore.

Just remember when you are a hundred and newspapers call

There are few to contradict you if your stories are tall.

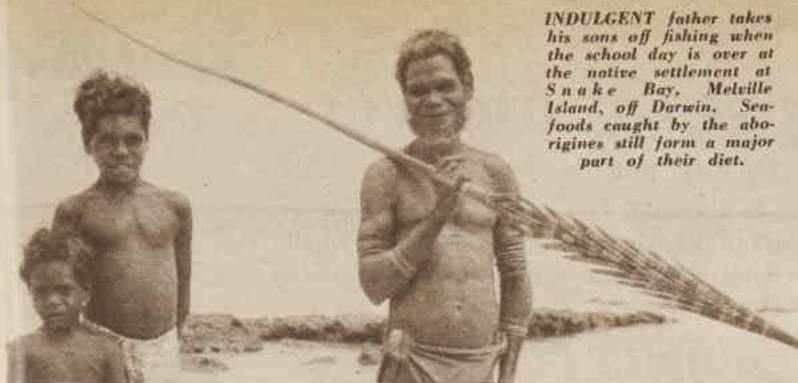
When I am a hundred I am going to take a leaf out of Mrs. Eleanor Peirce's book,

And, fixing all the young reporters with a steely, glittering look,

Tell them how I used to ride emus in races, And other anecdotes likely to wipe the glazed look off their faces.

I shall spend the previous ten years concocting suitable fables,

And with any luck will hope to figure in the early edition international cables.



INDULGENT father takes his sons off fishing when the school day is over at the native settlement at Snake Bay, Melville Island, off Darwin. Seafoods caught by the aborigines still form a major part of their diet.

School for island natives

News that there was going to be a school at Snake Bay, on the northern shores of Melville Island, off Darwin, caused a stir among the natives two years ago.

They travelled from all over the island to see where it was to be opened at the native settlement.

TODAY, just about a year since it was opened, the school is the centre of family life at Snake Bay.

Parents and grandparents with babies perched on their shoulders wander freely in and out of the classroom.

Many of the parents also attend school at night. They are anxious to know as much as their children.

Until the school was opened last May, the aboriginal children at Snake Bay had never had a lesson in their lives.

Today, 30 children up to 14 years of age can read, count, and do mental arithmetic, and their spoken English is perfect.

So far their only contact with white men and women has been at the settlement, where the superintendent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ingram, and the schoolteacher, Mr. Sandy McKay, strongly discourage visitors from using pidgin jargon.

As for Australian slang, the

Snake Bay children have never heard of it.

Their manners are perfect, without being studied.

I didn't know until after our return to Darwin that the first intimation the settlement had of our visit was when our little Dragon-Rapide buzzed overhead at 8 o'clock in the morning.

By
SYLVIA CONNICK

Yet I have never seen a cleaner lot of children lined up for school.

As the children come in from their bush camps in an area not far from the school, each child has a shower and puts on school clothes—frocks for the bigger girls, khaki shorts for the bigger boys, and tiny little floral "nagas," like bikinis, for the kindergarten pupils.

Most of the kindergarten pupils are only about three or four years of age, but they have the build and aptitude for



ELDERLY aboriginal escorts young relatives to their school on Melville Island.

learning of any white child of five or six.

Art work comes naturally to them, and their most simple scribbles possess natural design in line and color.

Visitors are most infrequent, but unless directed by Mr. McKay the kiddies continue to work in the presence of strangers, and sing softly to themselves—the surest sign of relaxation in the world.

The "Bush Books" from which they learn begin with things associated with camp life. Speech is encouraged by asking the children to relate what is happening in each "Bush Book" picture.

Miming is introduced for action words, and as there is no greater natural mimic than the Australian aboriginal the children are quick to learn and use the English word for fishing, hunting, swimming, laughing, and so on.

The girls are also taught to sew, and with their mothers help Mrs. Ingram to make and maintain the clothes worn at the settlement.

Schoolteacher Sandy McKay is confident of the success of the settlement's education scheme.

"They'll learn," he said. "The parents want to see their children take their place in the white man's civilisation."

"Don't tell me they won't concentrate, and go 'walk-about' when the spirit moves them."

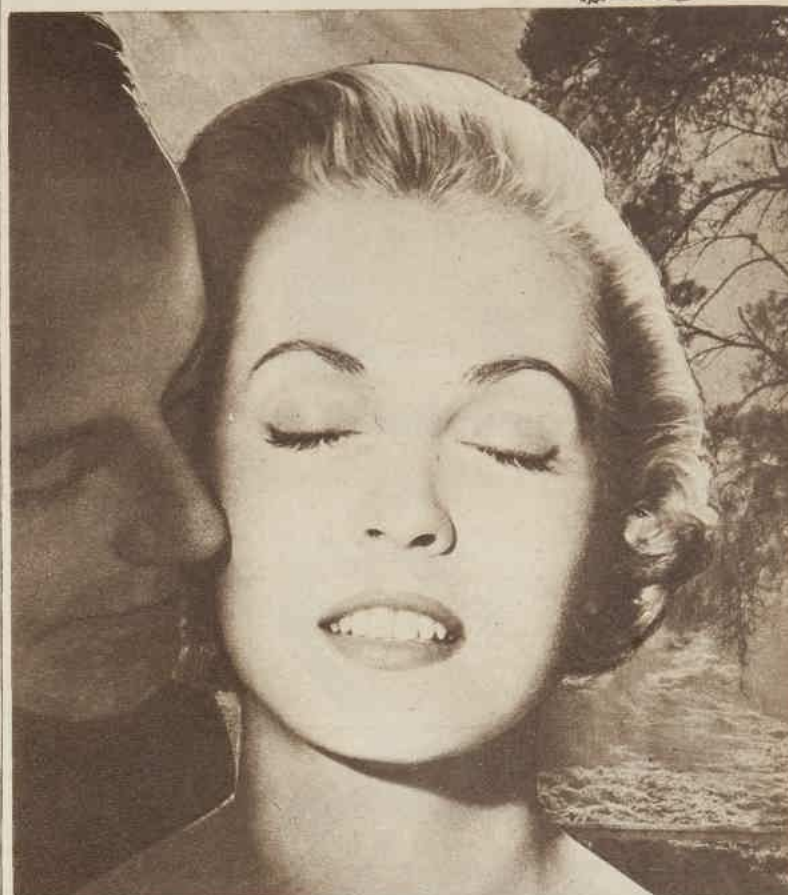
"That instinct to wander has been prompted in the past by necessity among a nomad people who have had to seek their own food."

"But give them security while they are learning to become capable of earning and supporting themselves," he added, "and they'll concentrate all right."



PUPILS at the school at Snake Bay were more interested in the writer's nylon stockings—the first they had ever seen—than in the tape recording being made of their singing.

He said my make-up was a mask...



...now he's in love with my 'three-flowers'

natural look



Fragrant with the perfume of the Rose, Violet and Lily of the Valley.

Goodbye to that obviously made-up look! Extra finely textured, Three Flowers Face Powder smooths on so evenly, it blends perfectly with your skin tones. It subtly conceals every tiny imperfection, yet retains the natural, fresh appearance of your skin—even close up. Use Three Flowers Face Powder for that natural look tonight, and every night. Seven fashion-right shades . . . 3/9.

three flowers FACE POWDER



three flowers FOUNDATION (VANISHING) CREAM

Whipped to the finest possible texture to avoid clogging the pores. Holds powder perfectly. Keeps skin smooth and soft. Jars, 4/6; tubes, 2/6.



three flowers PERFUME

Gay and light-hearted—the essence of a Spring garden . . . a bewitching fragrance. 2/6.



three flowers TALCUM

Unforgettably fresh and fragrant—as gentle as a caress . . . leaves the skin feeling smooth and fresh, looking lovely . . . a beauty treatment from top to toe. Superbly packaged in a gay, generous-size container. 2/9.



three flowers BRILLIANTINE

A fine-quality Brilliantine to keep hair lustrous and more manageable. Solid or liquid. 2/6.

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Guard Your Family Against

**COUGHS
COLDS
'FLU**



Don't let your family suffer the pain, misery or discomfort brought on by attacks of cold or 'flu. Ease their suffering swiftly, surely, with pleasant-tasting Larynoids. They will break congestion, soothe the raw throat and stop that bark in seconds.

Keep Larynoids in your home, always. Let them swing into action at the first sign of a flush, suspicion of chill or plaintive confession of sore throat, and you may save weary weeks of sickness.

Larynoids, too, will stop night coughing and let everyone sleep in peace.

Carry an extra packet in pocket or purse, to guard your own health in crowded places, or to stop that embarrassing smokers' cough.

WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. **THROAT:** A cold results from millions of infective germs multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent them spreading to the—



2. **PHARYNX:** This area, when infected by disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids' soothing influence penetrates to prevent infection spreading to you—

3. **LARYNX:** This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to you—

4. **BRONCHIAL TUBES:** Here is the home of bronchitis and other such stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect your health.

EVERYTHING WALCO MAKES IS GOOD

SOLD ONLY THROUGH CHEMISTS

who thoroughly recommend Larynoids as a safe, effective prescription for relief of infections of the throat, nose and chest. Larynoids in the New Pack and with the new pleasing flavour.

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THE WALCOT PTY. LTD.
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WLS

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Two letters arrived in the mail last week within two days. The first was from a girl of 14 who says her bust is too small; the second from a 16-year-old whose complaint is that she is so bosomy it's embarrassing.

BOTH letters were confidential, so I changed the personal details in order that the writers couldn't be identified.

Older people are inclined—much too inclined, I think—to shrug off such complaints as "silly."

But here are the two letters. I have put them together because one girl's problem seems to cancel out the other:

"I AM 14 and cannot understand why my bust has developed only the slightest wee bit. I am fairly tall and slim, but not thin. That is what puzzles me, because if I was thin I would expect to be small-breasted. I developed an inch or two a year ago, but haven't grown any since and I am starting to get worried. I tried a bust-developing cream, but it was no good. I tried wearing falsies and now I feel dreadfully self-conscious if I do not wear them. I wear a 34in. bra, but only a 32in. cup. Could you explain why they are not growing and recommend something I could use, e.g., a cream or something similar?"

Confidential, Adelaide.

"I AM 16 and quite slightly built except for my excessively big bust measurement (36in.). Being still at school does not really permit me to attend to such matters, but now I feel that I have neglected this fact too long. I haven't the time or the money to go to our doctor. I feel awkward and cumbersome and am becoming increasingly embarrassed and therefore would welcome any energetic exercise or such like as you may advise."

Frustrated Teenager, Perth.

The practical answer to both girls is: 1. Throw away the creams, because they're a waste of time and money; 2. Exercises, if persevered with,

BOUQUET FOR ANNE

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Anne Williams (right), of Mont Albert, Victoria, one of the youngest expert florists in Australia, has been working with flowers since she was three.

At that age she began putting her sprays beside professional ones in her aunt's florist shop.

"Usually the assistants retrieved my contributions," she said. "But it was all practice."

"Working with flowers was then my hobby, and now it is my living."

Anne runs a shop in partnership with her mother, Mrs. J. A. D. Williams.

Since she left school three years ago her working hours



have been from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m. On Fridays she works from 7 a.m. till 9 p.m.

"It isn't a soft job," Anne commented.

In her spare time Anne loves to draw, and she produces eye-catching posters for the shop.

help develop and firm a bosom; 3. Every woman's best friend is a good brassiere.

The brassiere is usually expensive, but it's money well invested, especially for a bosomy girl.

I think, Confidential, that you're worrying too much in advance. A 32in. bust is quite usual for 14. The average size for women in their twenties is only 34, and you still have a couple of years of growth ahead.

Your trouble, Frustrated Teenager, is a state of mind. You find it embarrassing to be bosomy. But every other bosomy woman in the world is proud. Look, for instance, at the fuss made about Gina Lollobrigida.

This attitude of yours is part of being 16. That means being tense and unhappy because you're no longer a child, yet haven't had time to get used to the idea of being a woman.

Everyone has to be prepared for such physical changes between the ages of 13 and 19.

Some are cursed with puppy fat; others are beanpoles, all legs and wrists. Some suffer more than others either because they, in fact, develop awkwardly or because they feel badly about what is actually a normal development.

Both of you must remember that it takes quite a time for a maturing body to decide how it's going to settle down.

Always, it's a settling down for the better.

DISC DIGEST

HERE it is at last! A long-playing record of Johnnie Ray, recorded at the London Palladium on BO7683, on which you'll find most of your favorites. It's a pity the actual recording is so patchy. Either the Palladium is a bad spot or else equipment wasn't up to standard, because Johnnie's voice trails off as he moves about the stage, and the musical accompaniment, provided by the Skyrocks, is badly muffled. Nevertheless, this is your boy announcing his own numbers and singing "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," "Glad Rag Doll," "A Hundred Years From Today," "Somebody Stole My Gal," "With These Hands," "Walkin' My Baby Back Home," "As Time Goes By," "Such a Night," "I'm Gonna Walk And Talk With My Lord," and, inevitably, "Little White Cloud" and "Cry."

JOHNNIE must have been fooling local audiences when he said Australia was his second home, because he tells his Palladium audience the same thing about England! Apart from the fans' squeals, his listeners are more subdued than Aussies and, consequently, the Ray spark is less brilliant. But I'm sure most of you will love the record.

BERNARD FLETCHER

Romancing tonight?

Your grooming and approach may be faultless, but you won't even make first base if you neglect personal freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

Eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES tablets to banish perspiration odour and sweeten your breath.

Chloro-PHILLIES act instantly and give night or day-long protection—keep you nice to be near.

Make it a habit—eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES deodorant tablets every time you shower or clean your teeth.



The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun—the miracle of a luring, lovely complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tammalite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin tonight! Most chemists sell Tammalite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

HAS YOUR CHILD GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: Itchy nose, furrowed tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

NEW BABY IN THE FAMILY

● A new baby stirs many emotions in an older child—pleasure, pride, anxiety, and curiosity. But it may also stir downright resentment, which shows itself in moods of sulking or clowning.

HOWEVER, most children are pleased at the idea of a new baby and their parents' delight is contagious. It helps to tell a child about the baby ahead of time and to include him in all the preparations. After the advent of the new baby, the older child needs more than ever an assurance of his parents' continuing interest in him.

They mustn't neglect to show their love for the baby, too, of course, but a little praise, an affectionate glance or comment, some time alone with the older child—all these will help him to know that he, too, still holds his place in the heart of the family.

Copyright. From the book "Helping Your Child's Emotional Growth," by Anna W. M. Wolf and Suzanne Szasz, published by Doubleday and Co. Inc., New York.



1—DOUBT AND ANXIETY are shown in small Paul's face when he sees his baby sister for the first time. He wants to like her, but is fearful of her as a rival.



2—HIS FEARS seem confirmed when the baby is put in his old cot. Already, he feels, baby is taking something from him.



4—AT MEALTIMES he wants to be fed instead of feeding himself as he did before the baby came. Mother is patient.

5—GRADUALLY Paul's doubts fade as he finds his parents keep on caring for him just the same. He welcomes the baby.



3—SEEKING ATTENTION, he crawls under the cot making baby noises himself, pretending he can't walk or talk, and eating biscuits. Jealousy consumes him.



the eyes

show it..*

YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

In Boxes, 40—2/6, 100—4/6

A simple way to make a simple dish with a delightful difference

KEEN'S SAUSAGES CREOLE

8 to 10 sausages
1 onion, sliced
1 tablespoon flour
3 dessertspoons vinegar
1 level dessertspoon of brown sugar
1 tablespoon fruit chutney
1 dessertspoon of Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon KEEN'S MUSTARD
1½ cups water
salt and pepper

Prick sausages with fork, brown in hot fat, take out, place in saucepan. Brown onion in the fat, add to sausages. Stir flour into remaining fat and brown well. Add all other ingredients, well mixed together. Stir until boiling, pour over sausages. Cover and simmer gently half-an-hour. Serves 4 or 5.

Original recipe prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

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J24 1

Carpet makes a home more beautiful



WILTON "CONTEMPORARY" — 9/936

For modern homes, **B.A.C.M.** present "Wilton Contemporary"



Subtle yet bold colours, a simple modern design, and the practical long-wearing qualities of the Wilton weave make B.A.C.M.'s Wilton "Contemporary" carpet a perfect choice for modern homes. Eight colours are available — CHARCOAL (shown here), CARAMEL, GOLD, CORAL, CINNAMON, BEIGE, GREEN and CHERRY — each one designed to compliment the new strong decorating colours.

Wilton "Contemporary" is woven in B.A.C.M.'s Australian factory, where British craftsmen, trained in the traditions of British carpet making, are handing on their skill to Australian workmen.

See Wilton "Contemporary" at all furniture houses and stores.

Made in Australia for Australians by

British Australian Carpet Manufacturing Co. Pty. Ltd.

Makers in Australia of "Aristo" Imperial Axminsters • "Dynon" and "Edinburgh" Cord Carpets • Wilton Carpets in Plain, Figured and Stippled effects "Durban" Axminster Carpet Squares • "Bacmanco" Rugs



"Henley" Plain Wilton sets off any style of furnishings, traditional or modern. It is moderately priced and comes in a wide range of pastel colours (3P28).



Traditional loveliness in soft tone-on-tone "Batman" figured Wiltons. This elegant leaf design comes in Green, Mushroom, Burgundy and Grey (901).



For the "tweedy" look the "Dynon" Stippled Cord Carpet has an uncut looped pile—comes in six self-flecked colours — Mushroom, Powder Blue, Green, Fawn, Burgundy and Grey. Wears long and beautifully (386).

Overseas interest in our £2000 art prize

The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955, has created widespread interest both in Australia and overseas.

Individual requests for entry forms have come from all States, and from France, America, Switzerland, South America, Ireland, Great Britain, Canada, and New Zealand.

FORMS were also sent in bulk to our overseas offices and to all the main art societies and galleries abroad.

The Portrait Prize — one of the richest art awards in the world and the biggest in Australia—has been widely publicised overseas.

Detailed accounts of it have been displayed prominently in leading British, American, and Continental art journals.

"I think your idea is marvellous and very generous to women," wrote one French artist after seeing a story about the Portrait Prize in the French journal "Arts."

The interest aroused among artists all over the world should produce one of the most outstanding art exhibitions ever seen in Australia.

The reaction from our own Australian artists indicates that the admission of overseas artists to the competition will have a stimulating effect on local work.

They have welcomed the announcement that the competition is to be international.

As already announced, our international competition carries prize-money of £2000.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or young child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive the total prize-money, i.e. £2000.

The competition will be judged by the directors of the National Art Galleries of N.S.W., Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania.

This will be the first time the six

directors have been members of the same judging panel.

Together, they will make an entirely new combination.

Their decision will be final and binding in all matters relating to the awarding of prizes and the subsequent selection of works for exhibition.

Portraits entered for our prize can be in oils, water-colors, or in pastels.

They must be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no smaller than 12in. x 16in.

The studies need not necessarily be confined to head and shoulders. They can be full-length.

Competitors may send in two entries, which must be their own original work and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries.

Entries, suitably framed, must be sent to the National Art Gallery in Sydney between Monday, July 25, and Saturday, July 30, 1955.

No entries will be accepted at the Gallery after 12 noon on Saturday, July 30, 1955.

The name and address of the competitor and the title of the portrait must be printed clearly on the back of the work.

With each entry competitors must also send a statutory declaration stating that the work complies with the conditions of the competition.

After the judges' decision is announced, selected entries will be hung for one month in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney.

They will then be exhibited in other Australian capital cities for a period of up to 10 months from the closing date of the competition.

Competitors must collect and remove their paintings when notified privately or by advertisement.



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**One tube will do it — or double
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whitest teeth you've ever had, the Pepsodent Company will refund double your purchase price.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



Rory Hordern's

● Velvet is both flattering and versatile. Its glowing colors make it a favorite for dull winter days. Its caressing warmth is ideal for informal entertaining, while its richness and beauty are always demanded for evening elegance.



● House-gown of vivid blue velvet has a flowing skirt and moulded princess bodice. Note the folded shoulder draping.



● Royal-blue velvet short dress for informal parties. The cap sleeves are clasped with pearl-embroidered buckles.

Paris Notes.



● Velvet is stitched to the back of well-fitting gloves to add highlights to the matt-finish fabrics used in winter suits.

● Drawstring bag of velvet. Handbags of this type may be re-covered in velvet to make an attractive accessory.



● Clever adaptation of favorite winter felt hat with velvet achieves this year's smartness.

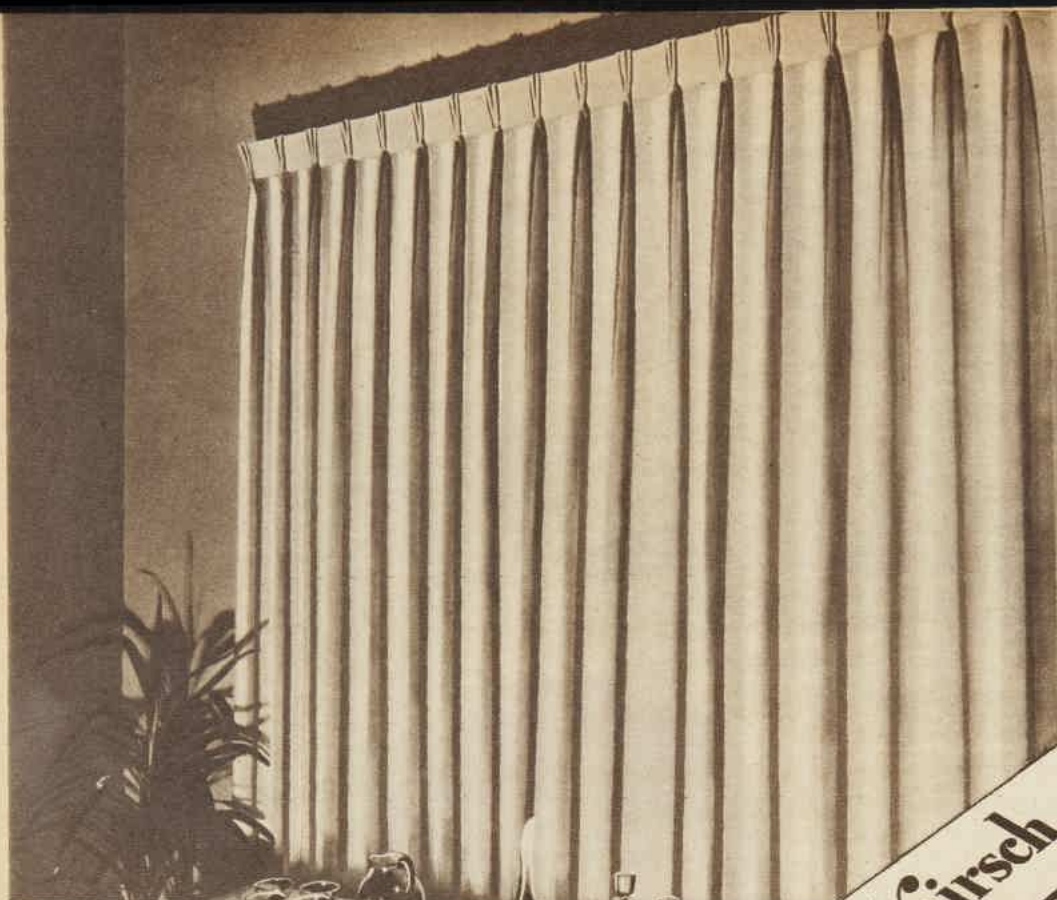


● Battle-dress jacket in warm yellow is chic. Note the back fullness drawn to shaped belt.

● Balenciaga's evening coat with its flared shoulder cape gathered to repeat the line of the skirt is magnificent in deep vermillion velvet.



Dorothea Johnston



The new Kirsch extension rod for draw curtains makes accurate fitting child's play

In a neat package to protect its ivory finish

Next time you want to hang draw curtains that look handsome, just go to your nearest Kirsch dealer. Tell him *about* how wide your window is — say, more than three feet — less than four feet. He will give you, then and there — one of the new Kirsch packaged extension rods. In one neat carton you will have your rod, supporting brackets, screws, slides, draw-cords and the rest. Kirsch extension rods come in sizes 28"-48", 48"-86", 66"-120", 86"-150".

When you get home just screw up the two end brackets and hook up the rod. The rod is adjustable — extends or contracts to fit your window exactly. Now you have a rod that has all the advantages of the famous Kirsch Cut-to-measure rod without the bother of taking exact measurements and waiting. You get the same easy sliding action, the same neat ivory finish (protected by the packaging).

When you see how beautiful your curtains look you'll wonder how you ever put up with those saggy, troublesome pieces of dowel or conduit.

If you are putting old curtains onto the new rod — give them a new look! Transform them into Kirsch-style curtains by pleating their fullness like the curtains shown here. Kirsch-style curtains fold evenly closed and open. A tall Kirsch hook sewn behind each pleat to hold the heading upright. For special windows Kirsch Cut-to-measure rods are still available.

For curtains that are shirred onto their rods, ask for Kirsch Gold Seal extension rod—in the *red* package. Smoothly finished in ivory baked enamel — cannot catch or snag the sheerest fabric.

All Kirsch extension rods come in packages that plainly say "Kirsch." If you don't see that name, you are being offered a substitute that will not give you Kirsch satisfaction. Don't take it!

Kirsch

CURTAIN RODDING



is a product of Wormald Brothers Industries



Darling Clementine

from page 5

remember Aunt Annabel saying you had been going down there rather a lot."

Guy flung round, his face white and drawn.

"Biddy, what is this? A cross-examination?"

She sighed deeply and put out her hands.

"Tell me, Guy. It's true, isn't it? I knew it was true from the moment you couldn't look at me. Anyway, these—" she gestured towards the letter—"these insects are usually pretty sure of their facts. Or so I've been told."

Abruptly Guy sat down and buried his head in his hands. He began to sob.

"Yes, it's true. It's been a nightmare. But the chap was over seventy. And he hadn't any family. I know that. I found out. And he had heart disease, too, so he couldn't have lived long. It isn't really so bad, Biddy."

"What is bad," said Brigit in her quiet, inexorable voice, "is your behaviour. Why didn't you stop? Why didn't you go back?"

"I know," said Guy, rolling his head back and forth. "But I panicked. And then it was too late. And, anyway, he was dead. I couldn't bring him back to life." Suddenly he raised his head. "Biddy, what are you going to do?"

Brigit looked at his tormented face. She saw the weak chin, the beautiful, drooping mouth, the desperate eyes—all the hated Templar characteristics, she thought despairingly. And now cowardice added to them.

"Guy, I want you to go to the police."

"The police! At this stage! Are you mad?"

"No. Only—only honest, perhaps."

"But, Biddy, it's all right now. It's over. They've never even for one minute suspected me. And the chap's dead and he has no dependents. There's absolutely no good can come of my going to prison now. And supposing I did go to prison. You know the Templars, I'd be kicked out just as mother was. I'd be disinherited. Isn't that a nice Victorian word. Disinherited."

"So you're thinking of nothing but money, too." Brigit's voice was too weary even for scorn.

"I'm not, Biddy. Truly. I'm thinking of much more than that. I think I'm in love with Prissie. It's the first time I've ever been in love. It's so wonderful to feel a little happy. Oh, Biddy, you know what it's like to be happy with someone you love. Don't spoil it for me."

His face was suddenly young again, the lines of strain and fear temporarily smoothed out. He was the little boy Brigit had defended through so many childish troubles, since she had had to be his mother as well as his older sister. She had always longed for his happiness. She had thought

that being happy would work a miracle in him and turn him into a normal, confident person. But now—how was happiness to come on top of guilt? And blackmail?

If Guy went to the police and confessed, there was no doubt that he would have to serve a prison sentence. Equally, there was no doubt as to Uncle Saunders' reaction. Prissie—would she love him enough to be loyal to him, supposing she loved him at all? Fleeting Brigit remembered Prissie's covetous fingers on the silk sheets, and she was sadly certain that Prissie's love of luxury would prove too much for her loyalty.

Besides, Guy had said that the old man had had no dependents, so that beyond justice being done nothing more could be remedied.

But was one so weakly as to play the horrible game of this blackmailer with his writing like the slimy trail of a garden slug?

"Biddy!" said Guy, his dark, shadowed eyes looking deeply into hers. "If you tell the police about this I'll kill myself. I mean it."

She was doing this not only to save Guy's life (for she knew by the haunted look in his eyes that his threat to take his life was no idle jest), but for Prissie, too. Prissie, she thought ironically, who was so well able to take care of herself.

Fergus would say she was just the person for Guy, someone gay and light-hearted and yet as strong as steel. For there was no doubt that Prissie's soft, laughing exterior had a very definite and, to Brigit, almost frightening strength.

So indirectly she was playing this unknown blackmailer's despicable game to enable Prissie to obtain possession of the things she coveted, the pictures and china, the Persian rugs, the walnut and rosewood furniture, the silk sheets...

Brigit had reached the conclusion that Prissie had found out all she could about the Templar family before she had come to work for them. Her illness on the plane may have been a fortunate coincidence that had brought Fergus' attention to her, but if it had not happened that way she would have contrived something else.

She was a fortune hunter. She loved luxury and was determined to possess it. No doubt she had known all about Brigit's unmarried brother long before she came to the cottage in the country. The lucky coincidence that was not of her contriving was the enforced move to the house in Montpelier Square. She must secretly have been jubilant about that. Indeed, her jubilation showed all the time in her sparkling eyes, her plain little face trans-

To page 35



formed into a fascinating liveliness, her quick, dancing movements. It was amazing how she had brought life into the quiet, gloomy house. One should be grateful to her.

But if Guy were falling in love with her, was she genuinely returning Guy's affection or were her warmth and friendliness to be translated into eagerness for possessions? If so, Guy should be warned.

But wasn't he old enough to look after himself? Brigit thought with sudden weariness. Wasn't it enough that she, ill in bed, should suddenly be burdened with this horrible black-mailing thing?

If she could succeed in getting Guy out of this scrape she could not be responsible for his love life, too. And, after all, it was very probable that Prissie, given the things she wanted, would be a charming and devoted wife. She adored children, as was proved by the affection that she gave to Nicky and Sarah. Or could it be that she coveted them, too...

Brigit dismissed that thought impatiently, telling herself that she was developing a sick mind as well as a sick body. Oh, if only she could get well and take the children home. Would she ever get well in this house?

"Nurse," she called. Nurse Ellen came bustling into the room. She looked clean and fresh and so full of energy that Brigit's tiredness seemed to sink more deeply into her body.

"Nurse, get me my writing things, would you please? And I want to sit up."

"You're not going to start writing letters now! You should be having your morning nap!"

"Oh, nurse, I'm not a baby!" The irritability in her voice drew a second glance from Nurse Ellen.

"Who's been upsetting you, ducky?" she asked.

Continuing

Darling Clementine

from page 34

"Nobody. I just want to do some writing, and, if you don't mind, it's none of your business."

Nurse Ellen went to the bureau at the window to get the leather folder which contained all Brigit's papers. She said over her shoulder, "Everything about a patient I nurse is my business. If you ask me, I think your family worries you. If you would prefer it, we'll have rules about the times they can see you. All this running in and out of your room—I don't think the doctor would approve. And he's coming this afternoon, so you must be looking your best."

"Yes, nurse," Brigit said more meekly. "And now will you ask Prissie if she will come in for a minute? I have an errand for her."

Whether she was protecting Guy for his own sake, or for Prissie's, it was ironical justice that Prissie should be the one to do this errand for her. In any case, whom else could she send?

But it was hateful having to lie about it.

She wrote the cheque for one hundred pounds (how fortunate Uncle Saunders had given her just that amount for her birthday, and more fortunate that she had not yet spent it) and handed it to Prissie. Fergus could never be told about this, it would only make him despise her family even more than he did already, and who knew when he might at last accuse her of having the bad Templar blood.

Her face was quite stiff and expressionless as she said, "Would you mind going to the bank for me, Prissie? I need this money suddenly—oh, and it must be in single notes. If

they ask questions at the bank, tell them I want it for paying bills."

"But why not pay them by cheque?" Prissie asked, wide-eyed.

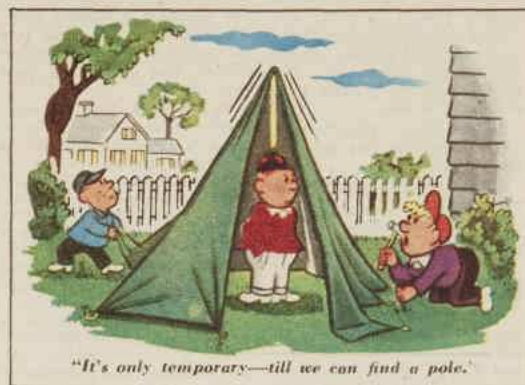
"I prefer it this way," Brigit said stiffly.

"Why, yes, of course, but—" Prissie folded the cheque in her

and said defensively, "Well, to me it is. And I thought you were looking worried about something. You would tell me if you were worrying about anything, wouldn't you?"

Prissie looked so earnest and anxious, her brow running into furrows, that Brigit relented.

"I don't see why I should bother you with my worries. And, anyway, this isn't one. Now run along. Nurse Ellen



"It's only temporary—till we can find a pole."

tiny, tapering fingers. She had the fingers of a lady, Brigit thought. Though what was a lady? Nurse Ellen was one, and her fingers were short, strong, and capable.

"But what?" she asked.

"There's nothing the matter, is there?" Prissie said impulsively. "I mean, this is quite a lot of money to get in single notes—"

"You think so?" said Brigit politely. It was the first time she had used the grand lady act with Prissie, and she despised herself for doing it now. Especially when Prissie flushed

with mind the children while you're away. I may want you to post some mail for me later, Prissie."

Prissie was back within an hour, flushed and with moisture shining on her smooth, dark hair. It was raining, she said, as she tumbled the banknotes carelessly on to Brigit's bed. She wouldn't be able to take the children to the park, so perhaps Brigit would like them all to have tea round the fire in her room.

"It would be company for you," she said, with her quick, enchanting smile. "And, be-

sides, it would give me a chance to get on with my dress. If I'm to allow your brother to take me out, I have to be suitably clad. Shall I help you count that? I did it carefully in the bank, but just to make absolutely sure—"

"No, no, it will be right," Brigit said quickly. "Yes, bring the children down. And your sewing. It will do me good."

Nurse Ellen was upstairs with the children. There was just time, while Prissie was away, to pack the notes into the chocolate box she had emptied and to wrap the box quickly into a parcel and address it. Mr. George Smith, 15 Pelham Road, Hammersmith, she wrote, and wondered despairingly who this man was and why he had had to do this horrible, low-down thing. Though to have gone to the police would have been worse for Guy, anyway.

Why, she wondered, hadn't Mr. Smith acted more quickly? It was now three weeks since the night of the accident. Probably he had been snooping about, finding out all he could about the house and its inhabitants, planning to whom to address his poisonous letter. Involuntarily Brigit glanced out into the misty afternoon, half expecting to see a figure lurking outside the gate watching. She must have been watched ever since she had come home from the hospital. And there had been that burglar about whom the police had not yet a clue. Had he been the mysterious Mr. Smith, actually invading the house itself? No, that must have been an unconnected crime.

The whole thing made her feel as if she were enclosed in a mesh of nastiness. It wasn't fair of Guy, first to have behaved so despicably, and then to have placed her in the vulnerable position of being the

only person who would care enough about him to try to keep him out of trouble.

It was nice to have Prissie back with the children, Sarah tumbling about happily, and Nicky, playing in a concentrated way with his building blocks, while Prissie, with yards of silk spread over her knees, sewed and talked and sang and told the children stories.

Brigit almost relaxed. The black worry in her mind eased. It was comfortable in the big room with the rain bringing an early twilight, and the fire glowing. She drowsed a little and woke to hear Prissie saying, "It was only years and years later that they found the true baby, the tiny little skeleton buried in the wall, while all the time the wrong baby had grown up and become king . . ."

Brigit roused herself. "Prissie, what are you telling the children?"

"Only that old story about the skeleton of the baby found in Holyrood Castle. I think it is fascinating. The poor little baby that died and never got its rights—"

"But, Prissie—the children—"

Sarah, busily knocking down Nicky's bricks, had obviously paid no attention at all to the story. But Nicky's ears were almost standing out. What a pity he was such a sensitive child, and how could Prissie not notice the way these things affected him? She had had one experience with the pedlar doll.

"I think everyone should know these things," she said serenely, re-threading her needle. "I hate injustice." Then she began to sing softly, and in the midst of her song Fergus walked in. There was rain

To page 36

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as he kissed Brigit, were cold, as if he had brought the rain into the room.

"Fergus!" she whispered happily. "You're early."

"What are you all doing?" he asked. "What's Prissie up to, sitting there like a little queen?"

It was true, Brigit realised, Prissie did have a quaintly regal look, sitting on the stool with the shining silk spread about her and the children at her feet. She looked amazingly attractive. It was little wonder that she had drawn Fergus' eyes.

"I'm making a dress," she said and stood up and draped the material about her. Her small head rose proudly from the flurry of silk.

Fergus stared. Then he said, "You know what you look like, don't you?"

"I mean to," said Prissie composedly.

"What are you talking about?" Brigit asked. "Oh! She drew in her breath. 'I know. It's the portrait of my mother.'"

With her quick change of mood, Prissie flung down the silk and was herself again, eager and young. "You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Gaye? I think that portrait's terribly attractive, and I long to look like it. I won't, of course, but I'm copying the dress as well as I can."

"Guy is taking Prissie to dinner," Brigit told Fergus, and was instantly aware of Fergus' eyes fixed on Prissie speculatively. He doesn't like it, Brigit thought in a flash. He's thinking of Prissie looking like a little queen in all that shining silk.

"Will he appreciate you looking like his mother?" he asked ironically.

"Fergus, don't be silly," Brigit reproved. "Anyway, Guy doesn't remember mother very much." She was going to add, "Fortunately," and only stopped herself in time. It was such a dreadful thing to have those bitter memories of one's mother.

"What's this?" Fergus asked, picking up the parcel on Brigit's bedside table.

Brigit felt the color draining out of her face. She had momentarily forgotten about that parcel. She hadn't wanted to disturb Prissie, and hadn't anticipated anyone, least of all Fergus, coming in and seeing it.

"Oh—that's something Prissie is going to post for me. Prissie, if you don't mind. It isn't too wet, is it?"

Prissie sprang up. "No, of course not. There's a post office at the corner, anyway."

"Who is the mysterious George Smith?" Fergus asked. "Wasn't that the name of the brides-in-the-bath murderer?"

"Fergus, don't be so idiotic!"

"Well, wasn't it?"

"I believe it was. This, if you must know, is a child I knew in the hospital. I promised to send him something. It's only a box of chocolates. But I do want it to go this afternoon."

"Come along then, Prissie," said Fergus. "I'll come with you and see that you don't step in a puddle."

Prissie gave her quick, delighted smile. "Oh, good! Shall we take the children? We can put on their macs. It will be some fresh air for them."

Before Brigit could reflect that it would be practically the complete Gaye family going out walking, as they had done so often in the past, Nurse Ellen came in with her air of authority.

"Out, all of you! Out! Doctor's due in half an hour and I must see to my patient."

Continuing . . .

Brigit welcomed her bustling intrusion. She let her think that her paleness and quietness were from exhaustion, and meekly submitted to a scolding.

"The moment I leave you, you try to do too much. Writing business letters, having the children underfoot, wrapping parcels. Nothing's that important."

"What do you think the doctor will say, nurse?"

"Why, that I'm not doing my job properly, I should think. Now let me wash your face and you can put on a bit of lipstick and then close your eyes and rest."

The lipstick and the face powder were, of use, because when Nurse Ellen left her to rest she promptly began to weep. The tears slid childishly down her face and every time she mopped them up they came again. She was getting as wet as Prissie and Fergus in the rain would be. Why did she mind Fergus going out with Prissie? It didn't mean a thing. It was only that she envied so much their ability to stride freely, while she lay here like a dead thing. And those horrid things that had happened had got on her mind. Burglary and blackmail. What would be the next thing?

Doctor Brown was not particularly pleased with his patient. Although he was cheerful and non-committal, Brigit could sense his disappointment.

"There's no improvement, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, indeed there is. You're better in yourself."

Brigit cut him short. "Doctor, when will I walk again?"

"Well, that's not altogether possible to predict. The paralysis may cease tomorrow or it may hang on for another, say, three or four weeks."

"You mean I might never walk again?"

"I mean nothing of the kind. I'm going to prescribe a tonic. Nurse, you might see that this is made up in the morning. Ah, Mr. Gaye, come in. We're doing very nicely indeed."

"That's fine," said Fergus. "Have a drink, doctor. My wife can have a drink, can't she?"

"Yes, indeed. Do her good." The little doctor's eyes took in the luxurious room, the bed with its carved headboard, the glowing fire, the flowers. "You're very comfortable here. I wouldn't mind having a long rest in a room like this myself."

"That's exactly what I say," said Aunt Annabel, coming suddenly into the room, the big grey Persian tucked under her arm. "Brigit's a lucky girl. And with the children nicely cared for and all. Oh, Fergus, are you bringing drinks? Then Saunders must come. And perhaps Prissie, would like a little sip of sherry, too. She's so sweet with the children. My niece hasn't a thing to worry about, doctor. Everything is organised. But tell me, doctor, what would one do for a cat that cries all the time? It literally cries. Obviously it has been badly treated from the time it was a kitten—"

Aunt Annabel, her grey hair shaken loose round her vague, kind face, her large eyes full of earnestness, discussed the new cat that no doubt was going to keep them all awake with its miaowing.

Uncle Saunders came stamping in shouting, "Whisky for me, Fergus, my boy. Such a day I've had in the city. The market's all gone to the pack. We'll be selling up shortly."

Darling Clementine

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Annabel, put that deuced cat down. It's got four legs, hasn't it? Two more than you have, so let him use them. Well, Brigit, I don't suppose you'd sneeze at legs like that yourself. Do you think she's bluffing, doctor? She looks well enough. All this paraphernalia, nurses and so on, for a bit of neurotic fancy. Ah ha, Prissie, my dear, who's been putting color in your cheeks? Pretty as a rose, eh?"

Did Prissie move nearer to Fergus? Brigit couldn't tell, for at that moment Fergus came over to her bedside and gave her hand a brief squeeze. Then he caught the doctor's eye and said, "I think we might finish the party in the other room. Be back soon, darling."

But Brigit was hardly aware of their noisy exit, she was so wrapped up in her own misery. The doctor had deliberately evaded her question. He had given her no clue as to when she could expect to walk again. Which meant that it might be never.

That treacherous voice that whispered in the night was right. It had said . . . Wait! There it was now, right this instant. Hoarse and sibilant and triumphant, directly from the cavern on the chimney. "Didn't I say so! Didn't I tell you you'd never walk again!"

"Nurse!" called Brigit. "Nurse, nurse!" But before Nurse Ellen could reach her from her room, next door the voice had gone, died away like a breath of wind.

Nurse Ellen hurried over to the bed and looked down at Brigit, her friendly eyes puzzled. Her deft hands smoothed the top of the sheets back over the blankets, and with a reassuring gesture she brushed back a lock of Brigit's hair from her forehead.

"What is it, ducky? Are you feeling bad?"

"Nurse, did you hear a voice just then? From the chimney?"

"I never heard a sound except your Uncle Saunders. From the chimney! Now, don't be daft! Who lives up there except that witch doll of Nicky's?"

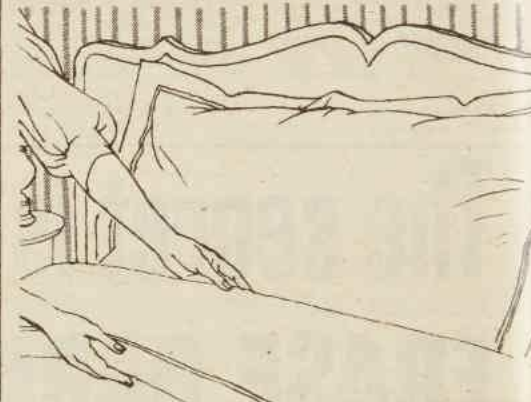
"That's what I mean," Brigit whispered.

Nurse Ellen eyed her with concern.

"It has been too much for you. All those people in here at once. You're beginning to imagine things."

"No, no—" But was she? The room seemed to be going dark and then bright in a curious way, the mulberry tree shook a skinny fist at the window, the bed tipped up, then slowly righted itself, from a long way off a pale and

To page 37



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in front of her . . .

But it was only Nurse Ellen's face. The voice in her ears was not saying, "Save your brother . . ." It was Nurse Ellen, indignantly, "Too much fuss and bother. You'll be all right, presently, ducky . . ."

When Fergus came in to say goodnight he asked gently, "What frightened you, darling?" Nurse says something frightened you."

Prissie was aware of the concern in his face. He looked grave and the youthfulness had gone out of his face. Suddenly it came to her that he looked like that too often now. She was doing this to him, prematurely taking away his youth and vitality.

"Nothing frightened me," she said.

"But you've been crying."

That was another thing. He was always having to look at her drained and unhappy face. No wonder he had eagerly sought Prissie's gay, lively company. If she were to go on like this—Another fear, not of the unexplainable but of something all too possible, chilled her. She seemed to be seeing Prissie's sparkling, radiant face above the silk. The picture filled her mind with bright menace.

All at once the knowledge came to her that she had to surmount all these things, her crippled state, the threat of the blackmailer, the unwanted hospitality of Uncle Saunders, and, most of all, Prissie's pretty, thieving fingers, clinging to the children, to Fergus' arm, to the lovely, valuable knickknacks scattered about the house.

At last, belatedly but strongly, a core of stubbornness and a refusal to be defeated came to life in her. From now on there was to be no crying. She was not going to weakly lie there and let other people fight for her. She was going to do her own fighting.

Gravely she moved her fingers over the lines in Fergus' face.

"You don't have to worry about me, my darling. I'm going to be all right." She

Continuing . . . Darling Clementine

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smiled steadily, and now, with the spirit strong inside her, it was even easy to smile. "You might not believe it, but I'm not even going to cry any more!"

Nicky had been dreaming about the little baby hidden in the dark hole beneath the wall in Holyrood Palace. In his dream it had not been a dead baby, still and curiously light and empty, as had been birds and once the tiny corpse of a field mouse he had found, but a little live baby that fought and struggled to get out of its dark hole. It even had a tiny gold crown on its head to show that it was really the true king.

In his dream he became the buried baby, fighting and struggling and screaming, and he still struggled even after he found that it was not a box but Prissie's arms that held him.

"Now, now," came Prissie's soothing voice. "It's only a bad dream. Keep still, honey. Go to sleep again."

Nicky opened his eyes and looked into her face. It was a pretty face, soft and smiling and happy.

"See," she murmured. "It was only a dream."

But Nicky was suddenly stiffening in her arms, trying to draw away. For inexplicably her face was the face of the dead baby in his dream. The only difference was that she wore no crown. But the crown would be in the locknet round her neck that she never opened. That would be where she hid it. A little, little secret crown. If one could only get the locknet and look in it . . .

"What's the matter?" Prissie asked, laughing. "You funny little scrap. Surely you're not frightened of me!"

It was truly silly to be frightened of her. She was so kind when she smiled. But she had that dead baby's face . . .

"I'll just go back to sleep," Nicky announced, in his new aloof, mature voice.

"You didn't hear that doll

in the cupboard again, did you?" Prissie asked.

Nicky tried not to shiver. Even mentioning that doll wasn't safe. It might bring back the cackly voice. He shook his head vigorously.

"I—I haven't talked about Clementine today."

"Well, that explains it, doesn't it. Just let me tuck you in. That's a good boy. Kiss me goodnight."

Obediently Nicky kissed her.



Her cheek was quite warm and it smelt nice. Something told him that the cheek of a dead baby would not be nice to kiss. So that old dream was silly, after all. It had almost gone now. But he wished his own mother could have tucked him in and wished him goodnight.

When Prissie went back into the next room she sat down at the table and picked up her pen to continue the letter she was writing.

"You should see my dress. It's going to look wonderful. But you will see it, of course. Don't you think I'm clever? Please say I am clever. I am still desperately upset about the little gold angel. It was such a heavenly thing. I hope

whoever took it will be caught. And for your information I am not falling in love with Fergus. How absurd!"

But she stopped writing, and began to remember the quick walk with Fergus, his light chatter about the parcel addressed to Mr. George Brides-in-the-Bath Smith, and the rain in their faces.

A tap at the door made her hastily slip the sheet of paper under her writing desk. Who was this? That silly old Mrs. Hatchett with her tales of ghosts. Ghosts, indeed! Or—

Uncle Saunders."

"Does he have that much?" Prissie asked. Her smooth head was bent over her sewing, her voice politely interested.

"Enough, I should think." "Never mind," said Prissie soothingly. "It will all be yours and your sister's one day. Or do you hate it the way your sister does?"

Guy smiled wryly. "I only hate the lack of it."

"Oh, come!" Prissie patted his arm. "You're a Templar. You must know ways of making money. They all did, didn't they? I'll bet you Uncle Saunders has done some things he wouldn't talk about."

"I shouldn't be surprised at that."

Prissie looked up eagerly, her face alight with interest.

"Do you know anything? Oh, do tell me. I adore scandal." Then she drew back. "I shouldn't ask you those things. He's your uncle. We shouldn't talk about him. But I'm disgustingly inquisitive. I just can't resist knowing about people. They're so fascinating."

"I shouldn't mind talking about Uncle Saunders if I knew anything," Guy said. His thin face was momentarily bitter. "He doesn't rate any loyalty. On the surface he doesn't appear to be a miser, but you find out about him, really. You be at the mercy of his grudging allowance as I have been all my life—what's the point when he has so much?"

"Yes, what is the point?" Prissie said sympathetically.

"But I really don't see why you couldn't be clever, too. There must be ways." Her eyes rested on Guy speculatively. Then she laughed. "That must sound awful and calculating. But I'm on your side, you know."

"Darling!" said Guy, pulling his chair closer to her.

"You want to be clever, too," Prissie murmured. "Match your brains with his." Again she gave him her considering gaze. Then she exclaimed, "Guy, you're looking awfully tired and worried. Is there something wrong?"

"No, nothing."

Prissie said intuitively, "Guy, you're in trouble!"

"I'm not in trouble. Leave me alone—" He stopped and gave a tense apologetic smile. "Sorry, I'm a bit edgy these days. Tell me, did Brigit ask you to do anything for her today?"

Prissie re-threaded her needle. Her voice was cool. "Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"I meant to, but the nurse wouldn't let me in. Said she was sleeping." He pouted, his mouth suddenly childish.

"Your sister was tired and upset," Prissie said. "The doctor came and I don't think he gave her very much hope of walking, poor thing. Just imagine that. Never being able to walk again."

"This is—worse," Guy muttered.

"What did you say, Guy? You are in trouble! Is it money?" Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, that's why she wanted the hundred pounds." Then she clapped her hand over her mouth. "I shouldn't have told you that. It was private."

"Then she did get it?" Guy said eagerly.

"Yes, but don't tell her I told you. I didn't tell you, anyway. You wangled it out of me." Prissie was hurt and offended, her cheeks flushed, her eyes reproachful. "Guy, it wasn't fair of you."

But Guy was suddenly happy, the tension gone from his face and his eyes admiring.

"Prissie—you're the most attractive girl I've ever met. You like me a little, don't you?"

"Of course I like you, but—"

"Then why don't you kiss me? Come."

Prissie's body stiffened. She tried to draw away from his embrace. For all their bony fragility his hands were steel. She felt her arms bruised as

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Continuing

Darling Clementine

she resisted. Silly! she told herself. Silly!

"You little puritan!" Guy muttered. And then the full sensuous lips of the Templars, painted on half a dozen portraits over the stairs, were on hers.

She forced herself to relax and respond.

But afterwards, when she was alone, she finished her letter in agitated emphatic words, "I can't endure Guy kissing me. Must I? Must I?"

In spite of her resolution it was still difficult to wake up in a cheerful frame of mind. Brigit's first feeling as she opened her eyes in the early dawn was dread as to what might be in the mail. It was said that blackmailers never stopped at their first demand, but that the horrible, vampirish letters kept on coming, making more and more demands.

She hadn't thought too seriously about that yesterday. It had been enough to take the fear and guilt from Guy's face. But now she was afraid she had been foolish and impulsive, and too ready to obey the blackmailer's instructions. She should have told Fergus about it. He would have communicated with the police and the house in Hammersmith could have been watched.

And Guy would have been arrested . . . Guy, who was perhaps at last going to find the miraculous happiness with Prissie that she had found with Fergus. No, she could have done nothing else. She had had to give Guy this one chance, at least. She could only pray that the blackmailer had some sort of honor, and would now keep his promise to trouble her no more.

It was going to be a nice day. The sky beyond the skeleton arm of the mulberry tree was luminous. A nice day for Fergus flying. Brigit thought, and listened to the house stealthily coming to life.

One of the cats was miaowing plaintively. From far off there was a steady rattle of dishes in the kitchen. A sudden series of bumps overhead indicated that one of the children had decided to get out of bed. Sarah, probably. She never waited to be told it was time to get up. She came bounding out in her definite, imperturbable way.

Nurse Ellen appeared abruptly, said, "Good morning, ducky. Sleep well? No ghosts last night, thank goodness. I'll be back in a minute with your tea," and disappeared.

As she went the black kitten that Aunt Annabel had brought home yesterday suddenly pounced on the bed. It made Brigit jump. She said, "Naughty," and fondled it. The

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kitten purred and settled beside her contentedly. It seemed to be asleep when all at once it stiffened and made a spring at her toes.

Why had it done that so suddenly? It couldn't be—surely it couldn't be—

With wildly beating heart she watched the mound of bed-clothes as she wriggled her toes. They moved. They did move! They really did!

An exclamation of excited joy caught in Brigit's throat. She repeated the exercise, and again there was a faint but definite movement of the bed-clothes. The kitten pounced eagerly.

Hitherto when she had had the sensation of her toes moving nothing whatever had happened. It had been an illusion. But today, on this wonderful, wonderful day, life was coming back to her.

On the verge of calling excitedly for Nurse Ellen, Brigit suddenly checked herself.

No, she wouldn't tell Nurse Ellen yet. Nurse Ellen would promptly tell the whole household, and some caution urged her to keep it a secret from Fergus until she was quite sure that she would walk again. It would be so awful to send him away full of hope this morning, and to come back tomorrow to find that it had been all an illusion.

No, she must be certain, absolutely certain. So, in the meantime, if she could manage it, the joyful news would remain her secret.

How can I be so calm as to plan this? Brigit wondered incredulously. Indeed, she could not keep the color and excitement out of her face. Nurse Ellen spied it at once, and said, "My, we are perky this morning!"

"Oh, I was playing with the kitten. He's so funny. Has the mail come yet?"

"Yes, I'm afraid there's nothing for you." Brigit sighed with relief. Even the blackmailer was silent. Life was beginning to take on color and warmth again. Where was Fergus? She wanted Fergus.

But it was Aunt Annabel who was her first visitor. She came in with Renoir in her arms and two timid, long-legged alley cats at her heels. Nurse Ellen tripped over one and gave an exclamation of impatience. The cats scuttled away.

Aunt Annabel said amiably, "No one likes my cats."

"I like this one," said Brigit, stroking the black kitten. "He's a sweetie."

"Do you, dear? Then you

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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by TIM



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must take him home with you when you go."

Yesterday the obvious uncertainty in Aunt Annabel's voice would have struck her to the heart. But this morning she could say confidently, "Thank you, I'd love to," and resist the temptation to wriggle her toes.

"It's our monthly meeting today," Aunt Annabel went on. "I do hope Saunders stays in the city, otherwise he's liable to—well, to join in with us. And he will insist on making absurd and facetious suggestions."

"You'd like the children out of the way, too," Brigit said.

"Oh, no, dear, they're no trouble."

"But it's a lovely day. They can spend the whole day in the park. I'll tell Prissie."

A little later Prissie came in with the children to say good morning. She wore a red sweater and a black skirt that swirled about her.

"I sat up until after midnight finishing my dress," she said. "I feel half dead this morning."

If that were being half dead, Brigit reflected, how did she look when she was really alive? Oh, if only Guy were going to be happy. Otherwise keeping Prissie might just possibly be a mistake.

Brigit could not have explained why she had that intuition. Certainly it was not because Fergus, coming in at that moment and overhearing Prissie's remark, put his arm round her and said, "Don't look too bewitching tonight. Save that for me."

Prissie giggled and took the children out. Fergus came over to the bed and looked down at Brigit.

"Hello, darling! You look very up and coming this morning."

"I told you I wasn't going to cry any more."

Continuing . . . Darling Clementine

from page 38

Fergus bent to kiss her. His lips lingered on hers.

"Good girl," he whispered. Then he caught up the black kitten.

"Who does this thing remind you of?"

"Why, nobody."

"Yes, it does. It's just like Prissie. Smooth and soft. And no one knows what it is thinking."

"Do you wonder that, too, about Prissie?" Brigit asked involuntarily.

"I wonder it about all

"There is no doubt that one derives more pleasure from visitors as one grows older; the pleasure of seeing them go away or the greater pleasure of hearing that they are not coming at all."

—C. E. Vulliamy.

pretty girls." Fergus' voice was light. "Darling — no tears before I come back?"

"No tears," Brigit promised.

If a man couldn't guess what a girl was thinking he usually grew more and more determined to find out, and in the process of satisfying his curiosity he grew more and more interested in the girl.

Nonsense, Brigit told herself firmly. Fergus was no more interested in Prissie than he would be in any attractive girl — even if it were possible that she was making that dress to lure him, and not Guy at all. But that, too, was a sick fancy that belonged to her illness now past. She began happily to concentrate once

more on the miraculous movement of her toes.

Even Guy paid her a visit that morning. He said, "Anything more?" in a low voice, and when she shook her head his thin, dark face cleared and brightened. "Thanks a lot, Biddy," he said.

It was the first time she could remember him giving generous, unsolicited thanks. She said, "Guy, it's all wrong. But now it's done, for heaven's sake try to be happy. You owe that much to me and to that poor old man. It's the least thing you can do."

"I'll be happy. Everything will be all right." His tone had never been so jaunty and confident. He even looked young and carefree. "I'll have some luck and pay you back," he promised. "I'm beginning to feel lucky."

But if Guy's happiness were to depend on Prissie — why had she this insistent lack of faith in Prissie? The girl had done nothing to merit it. Rather the opposite.

She had proved that she could be relied on in a crisis. Beneath her tender and gentle exterior she was practical and competent and intelligent. Whatever her childhood background had been she would make a wonderful wife for Guy, especially after he had come into his share of the Templar fortune. No doubt already in her mind she was adorning this house as its mistress.

So how could one imagine that her glances kept turning sideways to a fortuneless airman who was already married?

Brigit did not ponder on these things too long. The morning, clear and sparkling,

was too lovely for problems or gloom. Besides, her biggest problem was being solved. She thought that if she were alone for long enough she would be able to move her legs. She couldn't bear anyone to watch in case the lovely miracle vanished. Even Nurse Ellen, with her vociferous enthusiasm, might ruin it. She must find some way to get Nurse Ellen out of the house for an hour or two.

"What are you lying there smiling about?" Nurse Ellen had appeared in her abrupt way and was standing over Brigit.

"I was just imagining I was walking through the park, scuffling through the leaves. It's such a lovely day, the trees must look like fires burning. Wouldn't you like a walk in the park, Nurse?"

"This afternoon I might while you have your nap. I want to do a little shopping, too. I'll slip over to Harrods."

"You might match some wool for me," said Brigit. "I'm not going to have enough to finish Sarah's cardigan."

"Right. If I can't get it there I'll go to some other places. My, the children will be enjoying their outing this morning. They were going to the Round Pond. That ought to put some color into Nicky's cheeks. Should you have that cat on your bed, ducky?"

"Oh, he's only a kitten. Leave him."

"Well, they never taught me it was hygienic to tuck one's patient up with a cat. But I suppose he's the right color. He might bring you luck."

"Oh, indeed he might."

It was midday when the children came back. Sarah

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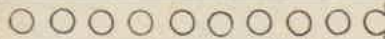
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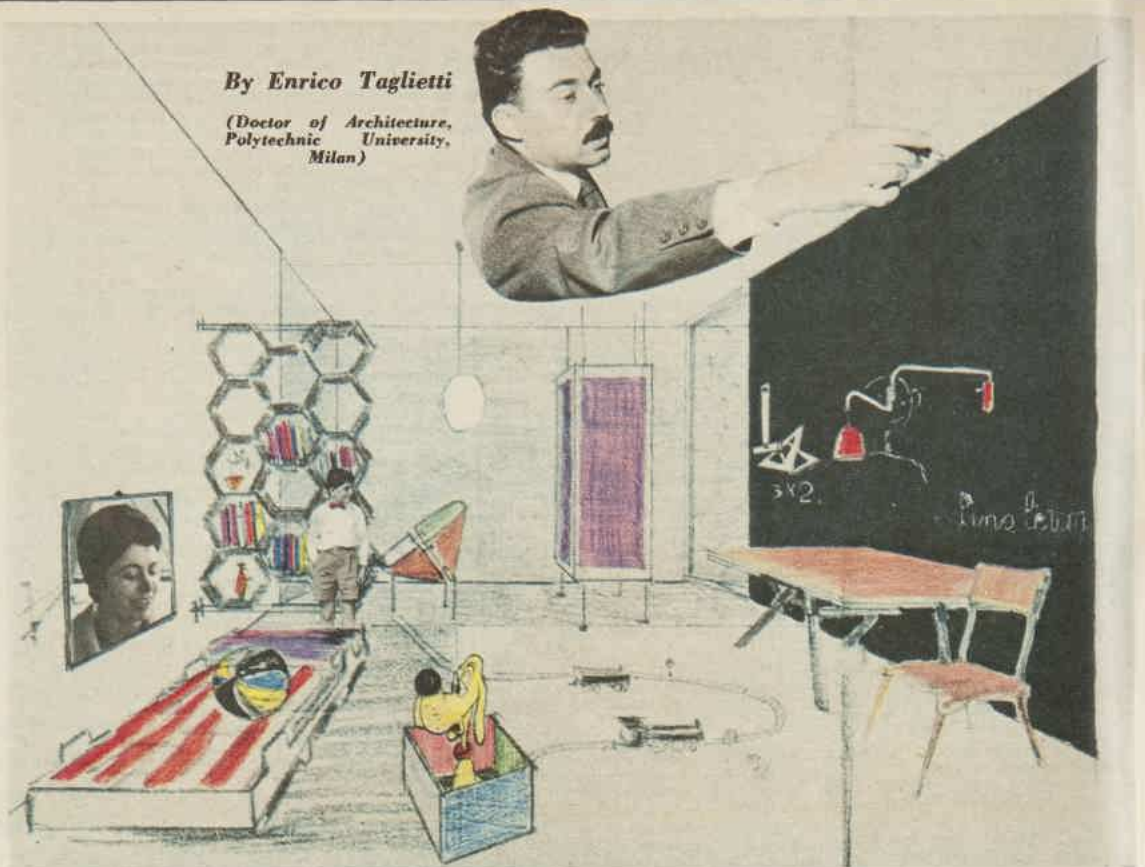
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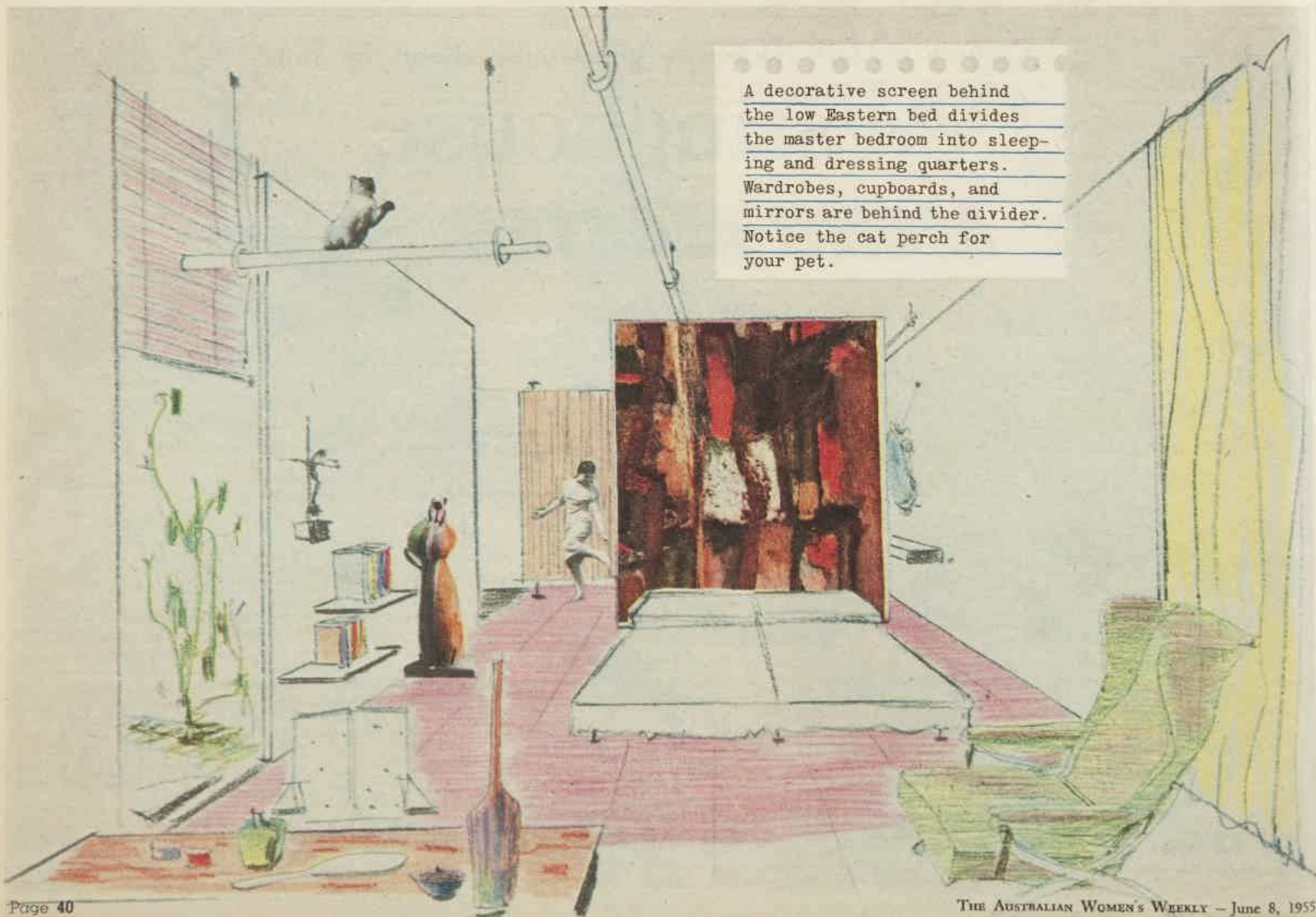
I was chosen to design a modern Italian home to be built at the George St. store of David Jones Ltd., Sydney, for their Italian exhibition from June 15-28. Here are my sketches of some of the rooms. The children's room, at right, has one wall of dark linoleum for chalking drawings. Mother's picture is over the bed so that she is always with her child, even when he wakes at night. The honeycomb metal divider in front of the door holds toys and books. The "search-light" basket on its three metal legs is handy for toys, too. The purple stall is actually a wardrobe cupboard.

By Enrico Taglietti

(Doctor of Architecture,
Polytechnic University,
Milan)



A decorative screen behind the low Eastern bed divides the master bedroom into sleeping and dressing quarters. Wardrobes, cupboards, and mirrors are behind the divider. Notice the cat perch for your pet.





O O O O O O O O O O

Oriental influence is notable in my plan, above. The kitchen and bathroom, not shown here, are interesting, too. The kitchen is colorful, the bathroom fittings won a prize for good design at the Milan Triennale—a three-yearly event of good design for which entries come from all over the world.



I think the foyer, above, should have a welcoming air for your guests. I have tried to achieve this with color, fabrics, and special lighting. The quaint chair is made from one piece of wood. At left is the living-room. There is a conventional dining table as well as a low, five-sided one for fork dinners. You can see part of it at the far end of the room. The colored room-divider is a foil for the hanging shelves beside it.

came into the room first. She immediately crouched on all fours and began making curious leaps, accompanied by a guttural sound in her throat. Nicky, following her, seized her hair and pulled it hard. Sarah screamed with pain and indignation. Prissie came in swiftly and separated them.

"Nicky! I'm sorry, Mrs. Gaye — I'm afraid Nicky's being difficult this morning."

"Oh, on such a lovely day?" Brigit looked reproachfully at her small son, who now stood sullen-faced and silent. "What's the matter, Nicky? Why did you do that to Sarah?"

"Because she was being a toad and she knows I hate them."

"A toad? What a curious thing. I didn't know she had ever seen a toad."

"She saw one this morning over at the Round Pond," Prissie explained. "You know all the horrid things children there collect. Jars of worms and tiddlers. Ugh! I don't know how they do it."

Nicky came suddenly to Brigit. His face was dead white and now Brigit saw the way the pupils of his eyes were enlarged, as if with fear. But what could it be that he was frightened of?

"Nicky!" she said gently, stroking his small, cold, grubby hand.

Tears formed in Nicky's eyes. His lips quivered uncontrollably.

"It was Clementine had the toad," he sobbed. "She put it on me. It was cold and slimy like a slug. Mummy, I hate toads!"

Brigit said slowly, "Clementine again?"

In the background, Nurse Ellen's practical voice came, "That name has a familiar sound."

Prissie shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Gaye. I don't know why he does it. Every child he doesn't like he calls Clementine."

"Was there a child he didn't like this morning?"

Nicky, between sobs, said, "Her face was dirty and she laughed at me all the time. She

Continuing . . . Darling Clementine

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wanted to hurt me. She said toads bite."

"They don't, you know," Brigit said soothingly. "They're really nothing at all to be frightened of."

"She laughed like the — like the —" But there Nicky stopped, for he could not now put into words his intense fear of the witch doll in the cupboard.

Sarah, on hands and knees again, was giving her sideways leaps and croaking happily. So there had been a toad, at least, Brigit realised, or Sarah could not have done her clever imitation.

"Prissie — couldn't you have stopped this?"

"I did as soon as I saw what was happening. I didn't know Nicky was frightened until I heard him crying, and then all the children ran away."

"The children?"

"Oh, yes, there was a bunch of them. You know the way they all make friends instantly."

"And there was a toad?"

"Well, yes, there must have been. But as I said, the children ran away."

"And you didn't see the one Nicky calls Clementine?"

Prissie shook her head. "I told you, it's the particular one he doesn't like at the time that he calls Clementine. It's just a thing he has about that name."

"If you ask me," said Nurse Ellen suddenly, "it's all very well having grown-up theories about the reason for a child's fears, but are they the right ones? Personally I believe there is a little horror called Clementine who has decided to persecute Nicky, and I'm going to find out if she does exist."

At least we'll know then whether what's frightening Nicky is real or imaginary and we'll be able to deal with it. With your permission, Mrs. Gaye, I'll take the children to the park this afternoon."

Brigit was aware, first of all, of the resentment in Prissie's face. It flashed over it like a

shadow, turning it suddenly hard and cold. Then it passed and Prissie turned a hurt but acquiescent look towards Brigit.

"If you don't believe what I tell you —"

"I do believe you, Prissie. But it won't do any harm for Nurse Ellen to take the children out. I promised her an afternoon out today, anyway."



I'm fully prepared to believe that Clementine has no more reality than Mrs. Hatchett's ghost. But, like the ghost, she might be taking another form. If there is a horrid little girl who persecutes Nicky it must be stopped."

Prissie was still sulking a little.

"Then if I'm not required this afternoon may I go and see my aunt? She wasn't very well yesterday and I'd really like to see her."

"Of course you may. This is a very good opportunity. Aunt Annabel is having a committee meeting so there'll be no one in the house except

myself. And I can't disturb her."

Brigit smiled at everyone. She didn't want trouble between Prissie and Nurse Ellen, but she was extremely grateful to Nurse Ellen for her offer to investigate the thing that was troubling Nicky. If there were something that Prissie was being deliberately evasive about — but there couldn't be. There was no reason for it.

"Take the children for their lunch, Prissie. And have a

slowly drew her knees up, first one, then the other. They ached a little and felt strangely as if they did not belong to her, but they had life again.

It was so wonderful that she cried a little. Then she briskly dried her tears and began a system of gentle exercise. She wanted to be able to get out of bed unassisted, to stand, and later to walk. Now she could tell Nurse Ellen what had happened because it was really true.

Later today, or perhaps in the morning, she would persuade Nurse Ellen to help her to walk, so that when Fergus came home in the evening she would be able to walk to meet him.

But in the meantime she must take things easily lest she got too tired and her new-found mobility left her. She would do as Nurse Ellen expected her to, and sleep.

Aunt Annabel's committee women had arrived and filed into the drawing-room. From that direction there came the distant hum of voices. Otherwise the house was silent. Brigit, her mind free from care, fell asleep almost at once. She slept soundly except for once waking momentarily and thinking she heard a strange, forlorn cry. But she was asleep again instantly.

Prissie was the first to arrive home. She was flushed and a little out of breath. She said she had run from the bus stop because she was afraid she was late. Her aunt had been in bed and she had stopped to do things for her.

"It's all right," Brigit said. "The children aren't home yet."

"Not yet? Are you sure?" Prissie seemed surprised and Brigit noticed for the first time that it was growing dusk. The dead leaves on the trees hung like withered jewellery against a lemon-colored sky.

"Nurse Ellen was going to match some wool for me. She's probably doing that. But it is getting late. They must be here soon."

"And you haven't had any tea," said Prissie. "I'll tell Mrs. Hatchett."

Brigit called to tell her not to bother, but Prissie had already gone. Indeed, she seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. After she had been to the kitchen, Brigit heard her running upstairs.

It was not long before she was down again. She came back into Brigit's room and said breathlessly, "I think the mythical Clementine must have kidnapped the children. Do you mind if I go out and look for them?"

Brigit laughed. "Don't be silly, Prissie. Nurse Ellen knows the way home."

"Yes, but it's getting terribly cold out and she didn't take the children's coats as I told her to. I've just looked, and they're still in the wardrobe."

"That's odd. She must have thought they didn't need them."

"They might not have earlier, but they do now. I'll take them over to the park. Nicky catches cold so easily."

Was that a maternal note in Prissie's voice? Or was it just covering what was suddenly an extreme anxiety that showed itself in her edging towards the door, eager to be gone? Was there something in the story of this strange, menacing child Clementine after all, and Prissie knew it?

Brigit was baffled and beginning to grow anxious herself. But before she could say anything more, Mrs. Hatchett appeared with her tea tray and Prissie took the opportunity to slip out.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Hatchett. "You should have had your tea long ago. I thought the nurse was looking after you."

"No, she took the children out this afternoon."

"And when was that?" Mrs. Hatchett asked, putting the tray down.

"Why, about two o'clock, I should think."

"Well, they were still playing in the garden at half-past three. I know because I had to go out and tell them to make

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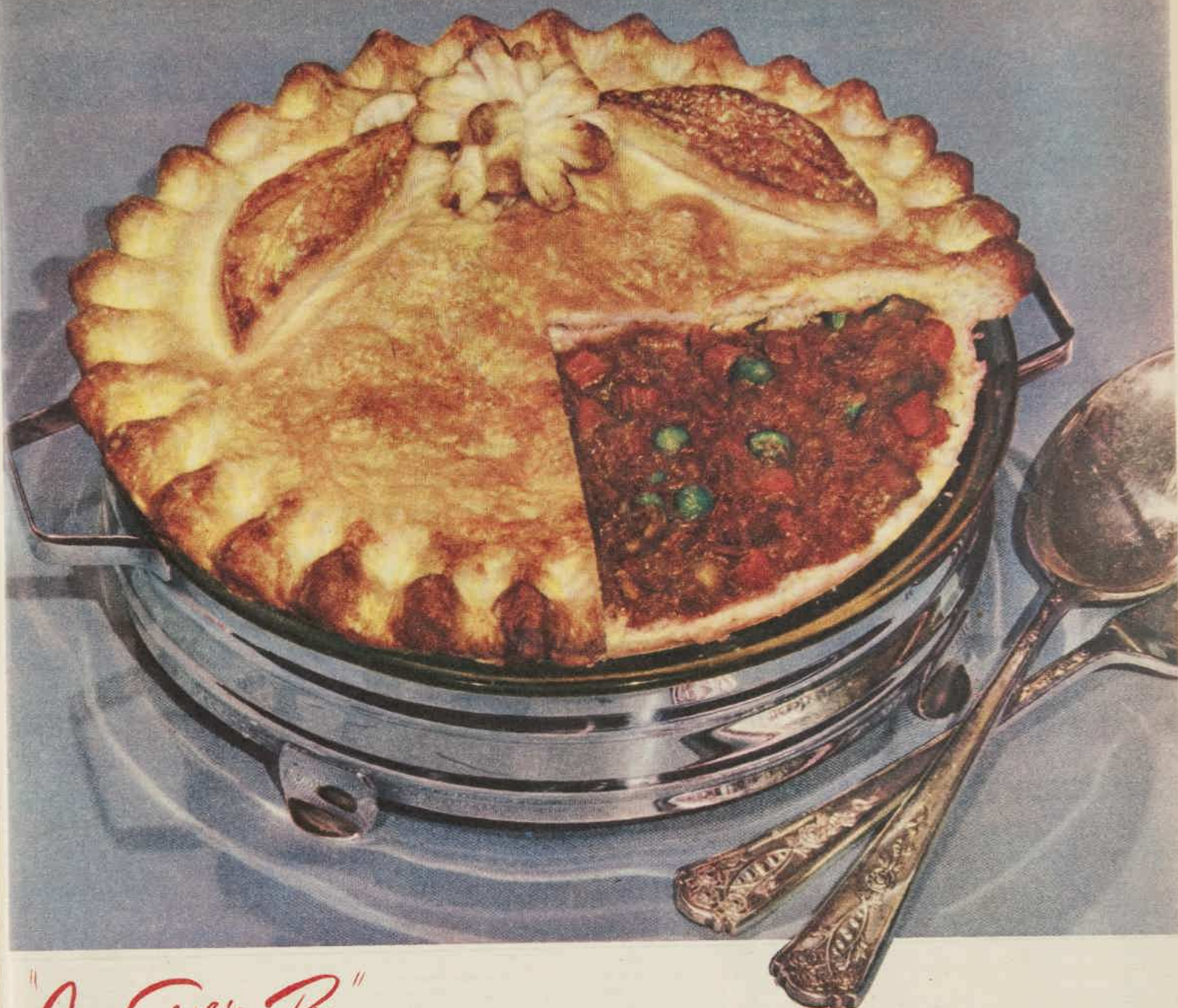
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less noise. The mistress ladies were in the meeting, and what with shouting children and miaowing cats—though I don't expect the cats would worry the ladies, that being their business so to speak."

"At half-past three?" Brigit repeated. "But you must be wrong."

Mrs. Hatchett made a disappearing sound. "I suppose I can trust the evidence of my eyes, can't I? You might laugh at me about my ghost, poor innocent that he is, but at least I know whether or not two children are trampling over the master's garden."

"Then when did they go?" Brigit asked.

"Soon after I spoke to them. I didn't see who took them. I supposed it was Miss Hawke, but it could have been the nurse. And after that I forgot all about them, I was so occupied listening to the supernatural."

"To the what?"

"The supernatural, dear." Mrs. Hatchett's face became rapt. She stood with her plump arms folded across her plumper bosom, and her head slightly on one side in a listening attitude. "Do you know, that's the first time I've ever heard him in the daytime, in broad daylight, mind you."

Brigit was losing patience.

Continuing Darling Clementine

(from page 42)

"Mrs. Hatchett, just what are you talking about?"

"My ghost, madam. In the past he has only made his appearances at night and silently. But this afternoon he has been calling, oh, so sadly. It would break your heart!"

In spite of her practical sense, Brigit had to repress a shiver. Hadn't she awakened to a far-off forlorn cry?

"And tomorrow we'll find the silver is missing," she said sceptically.

Mrs. Hatchett shrugged.

"You may joke, madam. But you'll live to find out."

With this cryptic remark she departed, and Brigit was left in the rapidly growing dusk to sip her tea and realise that this queer worry and apprehension had taken away all her pleasure in her suddenly regained mobility.

Where was Nurse Ellen? Why had she delayed so long in taking the children out and why didn't she bring them home? What had gone wrong?

She jumped violently as Renoir slid like a substantial grey ghost into the room. He was followed a moment later by Aunt Annabel, who was dressed in a once elegant black satin afternoon dress.

"Darling, what do you think?" she exclaimed. "The ladies have made me treasurer of the society. Isn't that an honor? I bank the money and draw the cheques. Oh, dear, oh, dear. I shall have to be so methodical. I'm afraid Saunders will laugh at me. Dear, are you listening?"

"Aunt Annabel, forgive me, but when did you last see the children?"

"Why, after lunch, I think it was. They were waiting to go out. The sweet little innocents. They were waiting for their coats, I think. No, let me see, it was much later that I heard them playing in the garden. Really, dear, I couldn't say when they went to the park. Don't tell me they're not home yet."

Brigit shook her head.

"But gracious it's almost dark. Nicky will be quite frightened. Oh, listen! Isn't that them now?"

Surely enough, it was. Brigit breathed a sigh of deep relief as she heard Nicky shrilly making some explanation and then rapid patter of feet approaching. Prissie came in first. Now

instead of being agitated she was brightly flushed and her eyes were shining with what looked like intense excitement. Or was it apprehension?

"Mrs. Gaye, I found the children in the park. Nicky said he didn't know it was so late. He said he had managed to get Sarah across the road quite safely. The cars had stopped for him." Prissie gave a breathless, almost hysterical giggle. "They were alone, Mrs. Gaye," she said.

"But Nurse Ellen? Where is she?"

"That's what we don't know. Nicky said they waited an awfully long time for her and when she didn't come he decided to take Sarah himself."

"I did, Mummy," Nicky said eagerly. "She was quite safe with me."

"You mean the children crossed that road alone?" Aunt Annabel demanded in a horrified voice. "But that nurse! Brigit, we must speak to her. How could she have let them do it?"

"She wouldn't have let them do it," Brigit said urgently. Her apprehension had not been without reason. Now it had flowered into this very real problem. "Something has hap-

pened to her. We've got to find out what it is."

But no one could find out anything. No one had seen Nurse Ellen leave the house. Her hat and coat and bag were gone, but no one had seen them on Nurse Ellen's short, plump, brisk figure. They might have walked out of the house alone. It seemed that from the time she had left the children waiting while she assumedly went to fetch their coats Nurse Ellen had not been seen.

She had had to match wool, Brigit kept saying. Perhaps she had slipped over to Harrods before taking the children, and then, unable to match the wool there, had gone elsewhere. But she was not an irresponsible person. Had she done that she would have telephoned. It seemed that there could be only one explanation and that was that she had had an accident.

By this time it was quite dark. Uncle Saunders had come home and, on being greeted with the news, had exclaimed with lewd enjoyment, "There's a man, of course. No woman ever disappears unless there's a man in it. And that young woman didn't look the spinster type."

Brigit protested heatedly. "She wouldn't just go off like that leaving all her clothes."

Aunt Annabel sighed in exasperation. "Saunders, do be serious! Apart from Nurse Ellen's very odd disappearance, here's Brigit with no one to look after her. Something will have to be done."

"Don't worry about Mrs. Gaye," came Prissie's soft, eager voice. "I can look after her until another nurse can come."

The thought of having to submit to Prissie's ministrations was, to Brigit, the final exasperation. She felt she could not endure those white hands, childishly small and delicate, which had caressingly touched her possessions now touching her body.

"Why do you say 'another nurse'?" she asked sharply. "Why are you so sure Nurse Ellen won't come back?"

The color flew into Prissie's cheeks. Her eyes looked strained and enormous. Brigit realised then that she was misjudging the girl. Her excitement about the turn of events was superficial. Beneath it she was alarmed and frightened. Her eyes, with their enlarged

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pupils, had almost the same look of repressed fear that Nicky's had had.

"The police must be informed," Aunt Annabel ventured nervously.

Uncle Saunders swung round on her.

"I won't have those infernal, useless police in my house again. They came to investigate a burglary and what have they done — nothing at all! No fingerprints, no clues. Just a waste of time. My goods have vanished and the insurance company will have to pay up. Police!"

He made an exclamation of disgust.

Brigit found herself longing desperately for Fergus. How could she, helpless in bed, manage this situation?

Her eyes, moving restlessly round the room, caught sight of Nurse Ellen's sewing, the needle stuck in a half-made stitch, as she had put it down on the chair by the window. It seemed for one eerie moment as if that vital, cheery presence were in the room begging for help. Nurse Ellen wouldn't just deliberately disappear. She must be in trouble somewhere.

"I suggest," Brigit said, struggling for calm, "that someone should ring the police and inquire if there had been an accident in this area. I

think she must have been hurrying over to Harrods and been knocked down by a car. Probably she's still unconscious. I can't think of anything else."

"I'll do that now," said Prissie with a return of her practical good sense. "We should have thought of it long ago." She turned at the door to look back. "If there hasn't been an accident shall I report her disappearance?"

"I think not until tomorrow," Brigit said slowly. "If she hasn't had an accident she must be all right and —"

"And she wouldn't thank us for prying," Uncle Saunders finished jovially.

Brigit's eyes returned to the sewing on the chair. Nurse Ellen sewed beautifully and took great pride in her work. If she had been deliberately going away she wouldn't have left things about. Anyway, Uncle Saunders had the horrid diseased mind of all the Templars. One could not expect practical help from him.

Guy came presently, but he, too, was of little help. At first he looked alarmed, but when he heard that the immediate crisis had nothing to do with him or his complex affairs he dismissed it lightly.

Continuing . . . Darling Clementine

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"Nothing happens to a woman in broad daylight," he said. "She'll turn up."

Prissie came back to report that there had been no accidents in the Knightsbridge area that afternoon, and Guy said, "Didn't I tell you? Nurse Ellen can take care of herself."

He took Prissie's hand in a possessive way, and Brigit sadly realised that already he had forgotten the mystery of Nurse Ellen. He was still completely selfish.

There was always the hope, of course, that at any moment Nurse Ellen would walk in with vociferous apologies for her absence. When at ten o'clock she had not done so Brigit was seriously alarmed.

It was difficult to wait until morning before notifying the police, but perhaps Uncle Saunders was right and it was foolish to panic so quickly about a normal, uncomplicated person like Nurse Ellen temporarily disappearing.

Prissie was the only one who was aware of her alarm. She was unexpectedly perceptive about it and indeed seemed on

the verge of tears. The color had left her cheeks and her great dark eyes seemed to have grown. When her hand trembled as she handed Brigit her cup of hot chocolate, she laughed shakily and apologetically.

"I'm sorry. I've got the jitters. It's just so queer Nurse Ellen vanishing like this. Do you think she was cross with me for not wanting her to take the children?"

"I can't think that would have worried her," Brigit said honestly.

"Well, I don't like anyone interfering with my job, and that's true. But I didn't expect this to happen."

"Prissie, it's nothing to do with you. At least let's be thankful the children are all right."

"Yes, there is that."

Prissie bustled about tidying the room. "They seem to have had an enormously successful time just by themselves. Yes, Mrs. Templar? Did you want me?"

Aunt Annabel was at the door saying that Prissie was wanted on the telephone. Brigit said at once, "Take it here, Prissie."

For one moment Prissie stood as if poised for flight. Then, with the least perceptible reluctance, she came forward and picked up the white telephone by Brigit's bedside.

With her back to the bed she said a guarded, "Yes, who is it?" Then very quickly she went on, "I can't discuss that now. We have some trouble here. I'm very busy. No, it isn't serious, at least I hope not." Then suddenly and piteously she said, "I can't —" and stopped as if a hand had been clapped over her mouth.

She listened a moment as the voice at the other end seemed to be saying something earnestly, then her head went up slightly and she said in her normal voice, "Yes, I know you're right. I'm so glad you're feeling better. Bye, darling."

She put down the telephone and turned to Brigit. She was smiling with a return of her light-hearted gaiety, but Brigit had the queer feeling that it was gaiety superimposed on fear, that if one stripped it off there would show a terror as stark and inarticulate as Nicky's for the mysterious Clementine.

"That was Aunt Maud," she said. "She suddenly wanted to discuss an argument she is

having with the people in the upstairs flat. Apparently it came to a climax this evening. I told her I just can't be mixed up with them. I'm afraid Aunt Maud loves arguments. It's so bad for her when she isn't well. But apparently this one has done her good. She says she is feeling much better."

Prissie was talking too much and too quickly. Brigit said, "You needn't have been quite so abrupt with her, the poor soul."

"Oh, but I've told her she mustn't ring me here. Honestly, she's incorrigible on the telephone. You literally have to hang up in her ear."

Prissie's voice, although it had its undertone of excitement, was quite self-assured again. That momentary desperation had left it. Could one garrulous old lady who liked to fight with her neighbors reduce her niece to desperation? Perhaps in time she could.

But that was Prissie's problem, and unrelated to the one that confronted them in this house tonight.

It was impossible to reconcile oneself to Nurse Ellen's absence. Something very strange indeed must have happened.

To be continued

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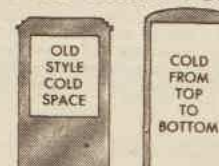
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Continuing . . . A Stranger Came Home

[from page 3]

established firm of lawyers. Little Mr. Burnaby, the head clerk, greeted her with his effusive "Good morning, Miss Macfarlane." She hung up her hat and coat and seated herself at her desk. This particular Friday morning was as much like the innumerable Friday mornings which had preceded it, as one October dawn was like another.

She was always at a loss to understand why the subsequent events of that day should have found her so completely unprepared.

She had not even the faintest inkling of her visitor's identity when the office boy announced that there was a gentleman asking for her in the outer office.

Thinking absently that it might be her brother-in-law, who had some small business with the firm, she answered that she would come as soon as she could. She had three urgent letters to go for Mr. Bricknell.

It was a quarter to one before she had finished the letters. Then she went through to the outer office.

On the threshold she stopped dead. Her hands flew to her throat, as though the strangled cry that escaped her was born of suffocation. "Greg!" she gasped.

The man got up from his seat beside the filing cabinet. Characteristically, he did not come forward to take her in his arms. He just stood there smiling down at her, saying casually, "Hello, Essie."

A maelstrom of thoughts fought for verbal expression in Esther's numbed brain. But no sound came through her parted lips. She gazed, as if at an apparition. "Why have you come back?" she said weakly.

He didn't answer. "Get your hat and we'll go and eat," he grinned.

Then she drew back as though he had struck her. Incoherently, she began to protest. But he came and put his hands on her shoulders. He stooped and kissed her cheek. He said again, "Get your hat."

Trembling, she put on her coat; then, tidying her hair, she caught sight of his reflection in the mirror.

Impulsively, she swung round and went over to the chair where he was sitting. "I can't believe you're really back," she smiled. "It's been so very long."

Grinning, he kissed her hand. Only when they were seated opposite each other in the restaurant was she able to believe in his reality. He was changed, yet not changed.

Bigger, he seemed. Broader than she remembered; his hands and speech had coarsened a little, contrasting oddly with his expensive clothes and general air of prosperity.

She could not take her eyes off him. With all her soul, she wanted to give thanks for his miraculous, incredible presence. But the memory of her pain was a dam holding back the floodwaters of joy. His coolness, his complete unshamedness, hurt like a touch on a half-healed wound.

Her bitterness found outlet at last. "I suppose you think you can walk back into my life as casually as you walked out of it eight years ago. Well, you can't, Greg Manville! Get that into your head — if there's room for anything else but yourself! What have you come back for, anyway?"

He looked up in unfeigned surprise from his study of the menu. "What have I come for? Why, you, of course."

She was speechless for a moment. Behind the dam her joy leapt up in a surging torrent. But she would not give it freedom. "I thought you

were dead. I hoped you were." He made no answer, but leisurely hailed a waiter and began to give his order. "Tomato soup. And then — what'll it be, Essie?" "I don't want anything. Didn't you hear what I said? I hoped you were dead." Her voice was a crescendo of indignation.

Greg said calmly, "Make it a couple of steaks, with mushrooms. Creamed potatoes. And ice-cream to follow. And send me the wine list."

Then he glanced up from under his thick brows, laughing at her passionate white face.

"Well, I'm not dead yet — can't afford to be. Got a tidy bit to do first. For one thing, I've got a family to raise."

She said wildly, "I'm twenty-eight."

"I know, I can count."

"How like a man — to think you can pick life up again just where you dropped it. I suppose it hasn't entered your head that there might be — someone else, after all these years?"

He said complacently, "I have a hunch there isn't."

She would have liked to cry, "There is — there is!" To throw the lie in his face — anything to shake that indomitable self-assurance.

Instead she admitted lamely, "No, there isn't, as it happens." Greg went on talking, calmly, conversationally, while the waiter brought the soup.

"Been here three weeks, you know. Hunted all the time, but couldn't get on the track of you. Puttered around all the old haunts. Never knew you'd left Watson's."

"Of course you didn't," she broke in. "You never wrote to me after that first time from the boat, so how could I let you know? Why didn't you write? Why?"

"Well," he drawled. Letter-writing was never much in my line, you know. What's the good of a bit of paper to a chap, when what he needs is the sight and sound of a woman?"

For the first time her eyes softened as they dwelt on him, but her voice was still charged with contempt. "Just like a man. Just the same one-track mind and utter thoughtlessness. Don't you know how much your letters would have meant to me, even if you didn't miss mine to you?"

"It wasn't a case of missing. They just wouldn't have compensated, that's all. I never was one to make do with a makeshift. Hey, waiter! What about that wine list? No, forget it. Bring a double Scotch and soda, and a half-bottle of Burgundy for the lady."

"You always know what you want, don't you? Never any doubts."

"Not only that," he countered calmly. "I usually get it." Then his tone changed. "Look, Essie, I've got the snuggest little ranch this side of the Andes. Twenty thousand head of stock and a comfortable balance at the bank. The house is all ready for you — bar the fixings, which I'd like you to buy yourself. It's good land, Essie, and good stock. I've worked to get it. Take a look at these."

He held out his big hands, palms upmost. They were hard and calloused with labor. "I've ridden hard for fifteen bucks a week and dosed in a bunkhouse! Driven stock over desert and been half-crazed with thirst. I've trailed dogies in a blizzard!"

"I worked south after the first few years, saved every cent to buy stock and paid heavy to graze them on good land instead of the free ranges. And —

well, bit by bit I got what I wanted. Land of my own."

He paused. "I can't say I thought about you all the time. I didn't have time to think about anything except work. But you were there, Essie, at the back of my mind. And when I'd fixed things fit and proper for you, I came back to fetch you."

"Maybe you thought I took our meeting too coolly. But I can tell you I was beginning to panic as the days went by and I couldn't find you again."

His hand rested on hers. He looked at her intently. "I'd got our passages booked, too, on the boat that sails tonight. I planned we'd get married first, of course. That part of the plan's washed out now, since it's taken me so long to find you. That was the only thing I didn't reckon on. I still mean to catch that boat myself and you can follow later. Only — I want your answer now."

Words burst from her in a torrent, a spate of anger. "How dare you! How dare you sit there and calmly propose a thing like this! How dare you come back after all this time and expect to find me waiting for you like a piece of baggage — yes, a piece of unnecessary baggage, labelled and put in a cloakroom to be claimed when you were ready for it and fetched at a moment's notice."

"It wouldn't occur to you that the piece of baggage might have feelings of its own, that it might be fretting itself ill with heartache and loneliness, waiting week after week and month after month for one of your 'bits of paper'?"

"And at last, when nothing came, letting the wasted years go by doing the same old dreary jobs day after day, trying not to care, trying to forget —"

"Essie, please —"

"Don't talk to me. I won't listen. I was fool enough to do so once, but I —"

"Stop it, d'you hear me? You've got to listen. You know me — you know I had to get away. What was there for me in this country, where people live their lives out cramped like fowls in a coop? I had to get out of it. But I told you I'd come back for you, and so I have. You'd promised to wait."

"But it's eight years," she cried. "Eight years! No man has a right to leave a woman that long. But then, it wouldn't seem that long to you. You had your way to make, exciting things to do, new lands to see. Probably you enjoyed it. I didn't."

"But you'd promised to wait for me," he repeated.

Tears of self-pity stood in her eyes. She had been making an effort to eat the food on her plate, but now it nauseated her. She pushed it away and stood up. "It's two o'clock. I must get back to the office."

"Essie," he pleaded.

"No," she said, weeping. "No," Greg rose, too. He interposed his bulk between her and the exit, so that she had to halt and listen to him.

He said, "I'm going to give you till seven o'clock to change your mind. The boat train leaves at seven-fifteen. At seven I'll call you up from the station. I got your number from the office boy."

"If you say yes, it'll be all I need to know and I'll go away happy. I'll make all the arrangements the other end and we can be married when you come out. If it's still no — well, I shan't ask again. I guess that'll be the end of it. Just for once in my life, I shan't have got what I wanted."

"It'll be the best thing that

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ever happened to you," she flung at him. "You can spare yourself the trouble of phoning, because you've already had my answer. Goodbye, Greg." She held out her hand, her chin quivering.

He did not take it. "You can say that over the telephone." "As you please." The hard phrase formed while she watched his face. She saw there, despite his unshakable calm, the signs of suffering, and she was glad. She was glad that he had come back so that she could avenge herself a little. But the triumph was momentary.

At the sight of his pain, her own sprang to life again — sharper than it had ever been. And she knew that she loved him still, and that she always would till the day she died.

He reached for his hat, but she restrained him. "Please don't come with me."

"As you please," he said in the same hard tone that she had used, and he let her go.

She walked back to the office in a kind of trance. She had almost got there before she realised that she had forgotten to fasten her coat. She did not feel the raw cold. She did not feel anything at all. She was numbed and exhausted.

This state of things persisted through the long afternoon. She worked, but automatically.

She had finished before six o'clock and was free to go home. But instead of hurrying over her departure as usual, she hung about restlessly, as if loath to go, tidying up papers, putting a new ribbon in her machine, writing a note for the charwoman.

When Mr. Burnaby, struggling into his overcoat, made a facetious little joke about her dalliance, she snapped at him rudely. She was the last to leave the office. Whereas usually she got away before the rush for evening

trains and buses began, this time she was caught in it.

Pushed and jostled, her hat almost knocked off, her feet trodden on, she abandoned two attempts to board a tube train. She leaned against the wall amid the din and roar and confusion, feeling giddy and sick. It would be quite seven before she got home. Probably after seven.

The phone would have rung for her in vain. One of the Misses Fitworth would have answered it and said, "No, I'm sorry, she isn't in yet. We expect her at any minute..."

"I'm twenty-eight," she cried inwardly. She shivered. The breath of the wilderness, with all that it stood for of hardship, adventure, and peril, blew upon her too strongly.

When at last she achieved a seat in the train her mind began to dwell, as if for anchorage, upon the small, familiar details of her daily life.

All the drear, dull, safe, and ordinary things she had been doing for year after year took phantasmal shape, crowded in upon her, imploring. "Don't leave us!"

Of course I couldn't. It's unthinkable. Forget all about it. Forget, forget.

Ah, if only he hadn't come back. Why can I still feel his eyes on me, and the touch of his lips and his warm, firm hand? Why do you haunt me? Go away — leave me in peace.

She knew that it must be almost seven o'clock, already, and a glance at the church clock as she rounded the corner confirmed her suspicions. Involuntarily she quickened her pace, which was strange because she did not in the least intend to do so.

"I won't," she said. "I won't hurry." Yet she did. Her long legs strode faster and faster

until she was almost running. Even her heart quickened its beat. Her face was pale and set.

As she ran up the steps, she heard the clock strike, and almost simultaneously the phone rang inside the house. Instantly her hand flew to her pocket for her latchkey.

Her heart pounded with a passion of excitement as though it would burst. Frantically her fingers sought for the familiar shape — and suddenly stopped as if paralysed. It was not there.

Again the phone rang. Her face blanched. Why didn't one of the old ladies answer it? Her hand flew to the knocker. Why don't they come, the stupid old things?

Thunderously she knocked. There was no sound from within in the house save the miaowing of the cat in the hall — and the piercing, persistent summons of the telephone.

Her eyes had noted the piece of paper lying on the step before her conscious mind was able to absorb its contents. It said: Leave no milk till Monday. Instantly the explanation rushed on her with appalling clarity. The Misses Fitworth had gone away for the weekend.

That was why the phone went on ringing and would go on for perhaps another minute, and then would stop. Stop with a total and pitiless finality.

"Oh, heavens," she cried aloud, "let me in!" She hammered on the door with clenched hands, wrenched at the handle in futile despair. What can I do? What can I do? She ran down the steps on to the pavement, with the regular stridency of the phone bell beating into her brain.

If there were a policeman — if there were any man in sight who would help her batter at

the door till the lock broke. But there was no one. No one to be seen. She wanted to stand in the roadway and scream aloud till people came running out of their houses.

In another moment the phone will stop ringing and it will be too late. He will be on his way to the boat. I don't even know what boat or what country it is bound for. I know nothing — except that it is somewhere in South America.

There seemed to be a new note now in the call of the phone bell, a note of diminishing insistence. After every ring her heart stood still in terror, fearing that this must be the last before the silence — the black and bitter silence of finality.

And then, when she felt she was going mad, an idea came. She hurled her handbag, which had a stout metal clasp, with all her strength at the window of her room. The pane shattered. Somehow she managed to clamber from the porch on to the narrow balcony.

She smashed aside the jagged prongs of glass with her bare hands and forced herself through the aperture into her room.

If there were one more ring, she could do it. Oh, mercy, let there be one more, just one more! She fled across the room, down the passage, and into the hall, to snatch the receiver from its hook with both her bleeding hands and gasp into it, "Yes, I'm here. It's Essie."

The voice of the operator said, "Are you Westward 2975?"

Somewhere, from some inner resources of her being, an answer came, "No."

The voice said, "Wrong number. Sorry you've been troubled." The receiver fell from Esther's grip. She fainted, pitching across the oak chest on to the floor.

When she came to herself she found that she was lying on her bed and that he was bending over her, his face grave with concern. Her hands had been roughly bandaged with handkerchiefs. He was holding a flask of brandy to her lips.

"Greg," she whispered. Tears of weakness poured down her cheeks. She raised her leaden arms till she could clasp his neck and draw him down to her breast, and at the touch of him it seemed that new life poured into her.

He stroked her hair, his big hand strangely gentle. He said severely, "Some nice turns you've given me. It's time I went home for a rest cure. Harder to trail than a doggie in a sandstorm — and now this!"

"Your train," she murmured. "I don't understand—I thought you were on the train."

He grinned. "So I ought to have been, only I missed the darn thing. Here's how it happened. I went into a phone booth to call you up and spent a quarter of an hour messing about before I discovered the thing was out of order. By then the train had pulled out without me."

"I guess I could have hired a car to get me to the port in time to catch the boat, but I thought — what the blazes, I'll go back to Essie and hear what she has to say to me. Nothing like the personal touch. I've proved that many a time in a big stock deal. So here I am."

"Good thing, too, as it turned out. I never guessed



you went in for housebreaking in your spare time. What on earth were you trying to do?" "I'll tell you some day." She lay back watching him with contented eyes.

He screwed down the brandy flask and replaced it in his pocket.

"Have to get that window mended before your landlady sees it."

"There's a man down the street," she said.

"Shucks, I'll buy a pane of glass and fix it myself."

"Is there anything you can't do?" she smiled.

"Well, not much in the practical line. I'm pretty self-reliant. You have to be where I come from. You'll see what I mean when you get to the ranch."

"Where are we going? I don't even know what country it is."

"Los Pinos Valley, near Santa Fe, in the Argentine. Didn't I tell you?" he grinned.

"No," she smiled.

"Funny. That's one thing I forgot."

"It's not the only thing, either," Essie pointed out.

"What?"

"You've forgotten to ask me for my answer."

He chuckled. He took her in his arms and said, with his lips on hers, "I never was one for wasting words, Essie."

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was a glass of milk. He's had it, and he's leaving us. Looks like he's lost interest—if he ever had any.

The four of them were silent as the man in grey rose from his table by the wall and walked off without even a glance in their direction.

When he had disappeared, Peggy drew in a shaky breath. She even smiled. "O.K.?" Al putted her arm. "Fun while it lasted, but that's enough for tonight, now." He was indulgent. He was kind. "What about dessert? Anybody want something sweet?" He leaned over and kissed the blond girl's temple swiftly. "And silly?"

She said, "I'm sorry." She had winced a little at Al's caress.

George McCarren wasn't so sure. Not so sure at all. He kept hearing things under all the surface tones—the jealous anger under Rita's smooth chatter, the effort under Al's show of tolerance and forgiveness, and, clearest of all, the fright under Peggy's polite and inconsequential responses.

He could not miss the lip's trembling against the cup, the wobble of the cigarette tip against the steadiness of a match flame, the smile that vanished from her mouth so quickly when all eyes but his were turned the other way.

He tried to pretend otherwise, but he never stopped noticing every tiny thing about her, and she knew it, and this was like a line, a connection, a quivering wire of communication between them. George was troubled.

When at last Al won the amiable contest for the check and paid it, and they rose from the table, the girls and the men separated politely before leaving the restaurant.

George and Al waited by the bar. "Quick one?" Al suggested, and they ordered.

"So you don't think there's anything to it? What Peggy said?" George inquired.

"No. I told you. Forget it."

"Why does she do it, Al?"

"I don't know. Because it doesn't go down with me any more. She ought to know that."

Continuing . . . Laugh It Off

from page 9

it was all a tall story, a lie, a fantasy. He said, "Funny kind of fun, if you ask me."

"Certainly."

"Well, watch your step, Al."

"I know." Their eyes met.

She was Al's girl and Al's problem.

The girls came along with fresh, bright lips, all smiling, and the men drained their glasses.

On the footpath there was a debate. Rita said a trifle acidly, and with her smile fading, that it was pretty late and she would just as soon call it a night if nobody else minded.

Nobody argued long. George began to wave at cabs. "Where do you live, Rita? Peggy?"

RITA said she lived uptown. Peggy said, "East 39th." George was host in the matter of the cab, so he asked what number on 39th, and Al told him the number.

But then Al suddenly said, "Hey, let's walk across town. O.K., girls? Why don't we walk as far as Peggy's? Do us all good."

George felt at once that Al was right. The uneasiness, the unpolled quality of the whole evening, was a pity. Maybe the four of them, walking these few blocks together, but two by two, rambling and chattering, would still find a little of the pleasure the night had promised.

So when the girls agreed and the hovering cab had veered away, George tucked the tall girl's arm under his, and Al did the same with Peggy. They began to stroll east in the night that never in this part of town had any real darkness.

In and out of mild shadows they passed—passed the closed faces of the shops and the mysterious doors between them. The tall ones walked behind, where George, trying to make it up to Rita, was giving her his attention, being pleasant, although

there was no spark between them. He thought to himself, she's a darned nice girl, but I don't want any part of her.

He almost stumbled into Al, an angry, stubborn Al, standing still on the corner with his fists on his hips looking back the way they had come and saying, "Where?"

Peggy clawed at his shoulders. "Oh, don't . . . Al, don't . . . Don't pay any attention . . . Maybe if you don't . . ."

Al said, "Where's this guy that's following us? Did you see him, George? You Rita? This character from the restaurant?"

On the long block behind, at so late an hour, few people could be seen. And none of them moved without an air of personal purpose; none seemed to bear any relation to the four of them bunched in a patch of light, looking back.

Peggy was crying. Little sobs escaped her. "You didn't see the look he gave me. You don't know. You don't believe me. But he has to. He has to! He has to do something about me."

"I've got to do something about you," said Al grimly.

She looked at George. He made himself as cold and far as he felt. Then he said quietly, "There was a man hurt in that alley. But you didn't try to do anything for him, such as call a doctor. Did you?"

Her lips parted in a soundless "oh," an expression of satisfaction, as if now at last she understood his sudden coolness. She said, "No, because a doctor couldn't have done anything. Don't you see?"

"You mean he was dead?"

George's voice jumped.

And Peggy nodded. Then he saw what she was doing with her right hand, rubbing the fingertips on the fabric of her jacket, and the word "blood" came into his head.

"Oh, sure, I suppose little-

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What's smart strategy for baby-sitting?

- ☐ Pack Junior off to bed
- ☐ Be a stand-in for Mum
- ☐ Ask your gang over

Minding the neighbour's small fry can be good business. Take it seriously. Collect ideas for games, stories, a cute toy or two. Take a real interest in junior—you can get together with the gang some other time. Even when problem time comes quicker than you expected, you can be fluster-free if you've bought Kotex in the Double Pack. Twenty-four napkins for 5/5; plenty to leave some for "next time".



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- ☐ Follow through
- ☐ Let them take it from there
- ☐ Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?" Follow through. Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby, or Jane's mad passion for the Mambo. It gives them the pitch for conversation, puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to comfort that is strictly this side of heaven. You can have perfect confidence in this softness too—Kotex is the most absorbent napkin that you can buy—more absorbent than any other kind you've ever worn.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 8, 1955

Continuing **Laugh It Off**

from page 48

old-you went way back in this dark alley and felt his pulse, eh?" Al was disgusted. "Don't be so silly! Listen. Right now, right this minute, we're going to get a cop. I swore I wasn't going to let you get me into one of these again, but we'll get a cop. We'll report this dead man. That's your duty. We're going to do it. Where's a cop?"

Peggy said almost dreamily, "Will a cop save me?"

"Yes, he'll save you from all this nothing," said Al. "Because there won't be any corpse in the alley. I'll be the jackass, as usual. But come on."

Peggy stiffened. She was facing the three of them, but she kept looking past all their figures. She said, "I was kidding." Then her voice went high and hysterical. "I've got nothing to tell. I don't want a cop. I'm just nervous, that's all. There's nothing the matter. Nothing at all." She was screaming it. "I just want to go home and be quiet," she said.

"That's better," said Al savagely, "and that's what you're going to be. Quiet." He took her arm and lunged off the kerb with her.

George stood still. He was upset and puzzled and sorry about the whole thing.

Rita said coolly, "That's the end of that one, I guess. Shall we get a cab and go on our way?"

"No," he said uneasily. "We'd better walk along."

THE place where Peggy lived was a converted house, thin and tall, touching its neighbors. Peggy and Al were standing in front of the steps. Peggy was calm. She was bearing the whip of Al's angry voice meekly.

"Do you live alone?" George said to her without preliminary, as they came up.

"I have a room-mate. I don't suppose she's in, though. She works late."

Peggy looked behind her at the steep steps.

"Want us to go in and look around?" George sounded crisp and businesslike.

"Certainly, let her make a monkey out of you," Al said.

"No," said Peggy. "I'm all right." But she looked vague and troubled. "I guess I'm all right now."

"Good-night, then," said Al brusquely, "and goodbye. I'm sorry, Peggy, but that's the way it is."

"All right, Al. I'm sorry, too."

"You others want to drop

me?" Al twisted away to the kerb and looked down the street for a taxi. He was bristling with rejection and parting.

"Good-night, Peggy," said Rita coolly.

George said, "You're sure ...?"

The blonde lifted her strange little face to look up at him. "Thank you. It was nice ..."

He touched her hand and again it was the fluttering bird and then it warmed and softened and squeezed and thanked him, and she said, "I hope sometime I'll see you again." Then she went up the steep stone steps and used a key on the door. The glass door obscured her figure as it was swallowed in the vestibule. There was a glimmer of light on the glass of an inner door, and Peggy was gone.

Al had a cab. Three of them climbed in. "Drop me at Lexington and 49th," Al growled. "George, I ought to apologize to you for a night like this, but I'm too upset. I'm through."

"Too bad."

"Yeah. But that's the last time. That kid's nuts!"

"Oh, I don't think so," said Rita, her fury barely controlled. "I think she wants attention. And doesn't care how she gets it."

She added more gently, "Nothing you can do, really."

"Funny," said George uncomfortably.

"It is and I'll keep away from it. That way I can keep laughing," Al said.

George McCarren was not interested in Rita's anger and he did not join Al's efforts to laugh. He sat, big and quiet, and even after Al left them, he barely spoke to the furious and uninteresting girl beside him.

He was working at a puzzle. Maybe the blond girl was nuts. But suppose she wasn't—then what? Then she was frightened. Then Peggy had thought that the pale man was following her.

So, Peggy could have believed that the pale man was within earshot of that corner. Maybe Peggy had it in her head that by her shrill and sudden speech she had been telling the pale man something. Telling him that he could trust her not to inform ... that she had not told anyone and wouldn't tell anyone ... that she was safe for him ... that she didn't have to be silenced. Something funny about it all.

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ing ... and what a wonderful variety of dishes you can prepare—pot roasts, corned beef, meat stews, steamed chicken, casseroles, ox tail, baked beans, spaghetti, stewed vegetables and fruit of all kinds. All taste better than ever before—surprisingly different, almost incredibly more flavoursome. Ask your nearest electrical dealer about the amazing Sunbeam Cooker & Deep Fryer.

Old-fashioned frying methods were often unsuccessful because controlling the frying heat was all guesswork. Now, with the Sunbeam Cooker & Deep Fryer, guesswork is ended. You set the control switch and you're sure of exactly the right heat for every different dish ... fried fish and chips, chicken, rabbit, sausages, cutlets and fritters of every kind are more delicious than you've ever imagined—when they are deep fried the Sunbeam way.

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COF16/143C

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and afterwards she'd been so much more calm. After that, she'd said she guessed she was all right now.

Suppose she had thought in some naive, girlish, and foolish fashion that she had been saving herself! He knew now that this was his impression, and either it was true or it was still a part of the act.

He told the cab to wait while he took the dark girl to her door. They said polite good-nights with polite hints of future meetings, but they knew they would never meet again.

He got into the cab. "Back where we came from," he told the driver. "39th St."

All the way he kept veering between doubt and belief. When he doubted, he smiled a little cynically. She'd got rid of Al, hadn't she? She'd thanked George and given him an invitation. Well? Maybe she had made it all up just for him.

But then she must have seen him at the table from far away and made up her mind to do it, awfully early, to arrive in such a flurry of nerves, and take his drink, as she had done.

So again he veered and believed it. And then he felt guilty for submitting to the persuasion of Rita's jealousy and maybe even Al's jealousy or Al's slipping hold. And he felt scared.

All he knew was he had to be sure.

But when he stood alone in that quiet block, looking up at the face of the dark house, he could not bring himself to hurry. He kept veering. He went up the steep steps and then down. Up again, down again.

He just couldn't decide. How was he going to make sure?

There was only one way. He'd just have to ring her bell.

He found it. 3C, upstairs, probably at the back. He'd have to go up there.

What if she had been fooling and she laughed like mad (as Al said)? Was George going to like that? Even if she did twist it into a flattering thing and say that she'd told it merely to interest him? Did it interest him? If that was all it was? Cruel fooling, playing on a man's decent wish to protect a woman . . .

But suppose she hadn't been fooling. He'd better hurry up.

So he veered for the last time and started up the steps just as the inner glass door showed a glimmer of motion. He hesitated. A figure was coming out, through the vestibule. The outer door began to swing.

And air sucked sharply into his chest.

The man coming out of Peggy's house was the same pale and cadaverous stranger who had been in the restaurant.

Coming out!

The whole thing was suddenly clear to him. Peggy's address, asked for and called out, on the street in front of the restaurant. This man never had to follow! He could have gone ahead of them! He could have passed them and got in by pushing the wrong buzzer and been waiting upstairs when she, feeling so foolishly secure, had begun to climb.

The gaunt stranger never heard it at all, her pitiful attempt to reassure him. Or, if he'd heard it, he'd paid no heed. Because he was here! And now he was finished and coming away . . .

George bounded up the steps and seized the man in grey by his coat edges.

Continuing . . . Laugh It Off

from page 49

"Hey!" the man said, turning his sallow face, his lips moving.

"What did you do to her?" George's voice was so thick with fright and guilt and fury that he hardly knew it as his own. He now had his foot in the door's arc. He shook the man powerfully with one hand, then heaved and flung him out of the way. With his leg holding the door, George saw the man in grey fall down the steps. Then he saw a cab and yelled at the driver.

"Get a cop! Get a doctor!" Then he forgot the man, the

law, the street, and everything but the little blond girl who had cried wolf too many times and who had gone in, all alone, through these doors.

He burst through them now. The inner one had no lock. He started to run up the stairs. It was a long first flight and then a long run back to where the stairs began again. There was a line of light under the door marked 3C, but the door was closed and locked. He threw himself on it.

Strong and loud and alarmed,

a woman's voice said, "Who is it? Who's out there?"

"George McCarran. Let me in. Where's Peggy?"

She opened the door. She had been putting her hair up in little steel clips. She wore pyjamas and her face was covered lightly with shining grease. She stood there, holding a strand of hair in her fingers, twisting it, smiling at him. "Hello," she said.

Then the dimpling began, the play under her skin. All the hints were of the same secret. "I am Peggy. I am the most fascinating thing in all the world. I am young and blond and female. There is no other drama like the one in me."

"You, for instance, have no feelings of any importance. Nor has anyone else. But my feelings—these you must wonder at. You must be aware of them. Watch me. Guess about me. Be fascinated. I will lead you the merriest and happiest dance, if you will live in my world. Oh, yes, if you want to, you can come in and adore me, too."

He wanted to kill her. He thought she was the most evil thing he had ever seen.

"That man who was in the restaurant," he croaked. "You know him?"

Her face quivered. "He was here," George shouted.

"Oh, no, he wasn't." She was quick to catch what he was thinking.

"Here," George insisted, but hopelessly, because she was such a liar.

"Why, he lives on the first

floor," she said scathingly, her whole face perfectly scornful. "That's why he nodded to me."

And now she was going to laugh at him. Oh, sure. Dimple so pretty. Sparkling eyes. Hint of mirth-helpless body rocking into his arms. Hint. Withdrawal. Tease. Cruel. Play. He saw her lips parting over her teeth—teeth that now seemed to him like a cat's mean little teeth.

He turned away jerkily and started back downstairs.

Now he was going to have to apologise to an outraged stranger. (Just try—just try to explain!) Or he was going to find out that the stranger wasn't really a stranger, and was still down there, still laughing. In on the joke.

George swallowed, trying to control the sick rage inside of him. Take it easy, now.

There was somebody out there.

He pushed the doors slowly.

The man on the step was a cop.

George pulled himself together as well as he could, tried to dismiss the air of storm and violence that hung around him. It was all a joke. One had to be a sport. No harm done. Just get rid of this sense of evil—an evil that ought to be smashed. His hurt feelings were 90 per cent. of it. Be civilised. Leave your feelings out of it. Apologise to the man—and laugh it off.

Somebody said, below him, "There he is! That's the one!"

George heard a siren. He saw the grey heap at the foot of the stone steps.

The cop spoke sharply. "This man is dead," he said. "What about that?"

(Copyright)

OUR 1955 KNITTING BOOK

THERE are 51 new designs in The Australian Women's Weekly Family Knitting Book now on sale for only 1/6 from our head office or any newsagent or bookseller.

The book is presented in four different sections so that reference for various age groups is convenient and easy.

In Part 1 there are 22 different designs for clothes for babies and toddlers.

The pretty embroidered cardigan shown here is one of 21 patterns given in Part 2 for boys and girls in the four to 14 years age group. Part 3 contains a variety of sock patterns for children and adults, and Part 4 is devoted to matching family sets.



When FIVE go to school...

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW HOW THEY MANAGED A BIG WASH WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL, TODAY—WITH THOSE THICKER, RICHER RINSO SUDS IT'S EASY AS A. B. C. AND CLOTHES ARE BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW.

Rinso's thicker, richer suds take the hard work out of washdays

OLD-TIME SOAP SHAKERS AREN'T NEARLY QUICK ENOUGH FOR US. RINSO'S LONG-LASTING SUDS DISSOLVE GREASE FAST!

Life is busy and joyous for the six rosy-cheeked youngsters of Mr. and Mrs. R. Schembri, of Merrylands, New South Wales. For playmates they have 2 cats, 3 kittens, 6 rabbits, 17 fish in a pond and 32 chickens (at last count). With their own private zoo, those six children certainly pile up the washing for Mum. But pretty Mrs. Schembri accepts it all with sweet temper.

Six small people at school and play, the eldest aged eleven and the youngest only three. Think what it means, come washdays, for this young mother. Does it trouble her? Not one bit. Into Rinso's thick, rich suds go all the dirty clothes. Out on the line—so quickly—all shining white, dazzling bright. And Mrs. Schembri's hands stay soft and smooth as her own blonde daughter's. Like 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives, this capable, modern homemaker has proved that Rinso is best for everything—whites, coloureds, dishes.



Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines



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FRAGRANT LAVENDER

● Sweet-scented lavender, for centuries the joy of gardeners, flower-sellers, and romantic poets, is not generally associated with big business and a jealously guarded secrecy.

BUT on the Bridestowe estate, in north-eastern Tasmania, acres of growing lavender are surrounded with a secrecy rivalled only by the secrecy of an atom-bomb plant.

The lavender, spread out like a tidy tapestry on the landscape, filling the air with perfume, has grown since 1922, when an Englishman, Mr. C. K. Denny, planted the first seeds.

The seeds, which filled a 9in. by 6in. bag, came from the Alpes Maritimes in France, where acres of *Lavandula Officinalis*, an alpine plant, grow from 3000 feet to 12,000 feet above sea level.

Before experimenting with this variety in Tasmania, Mr. Denny had first to burn off bog swamp, drain and furrow it, to sow the seed in frames, plant it out, harvest it, and send the results to London for an oil analysis. Proof that the oil was of an exceptionally high standard allowed expansion to continue.

Today the oil, distilled on the spot, is exported overseas, while soap, sachets, and perfume bearing the Bridestowe trade-mark are sold all over the world.

In partnership with their father are his two sons, E. F. K. Denny and J. O. K. Denny.

Wary of betraying growing or harvesting secrets to their main rivals, the French, the Dennys welcome neither tourists nor journalists.

Lavender growing is scientific—and there is continual research into the development of new varieties which may yield more oil from the seed vessels growing beneath each flower.

For those interested not in science but in scenery, the mauve acres of lavender possess a rare beauty. Stretching for miles in peaceful tidiness, they hum with



FOR THE HOME GARDENER sweet-smelling lavender is an unailing delight. It is a hardy shrub which grows readily in most parts of Australia, though it shows at its best in light sandy or gravelly, well-drained soils.

the noise of bees, these days the only permitted visitors to Bridestowe.

Such security and secrecy problems have fortunately no parallel for the home gardener.

For those not concerned about its oil

GARDENING

strength and quality in a highly competitive market, lavender is still as free and as fragrant as it was in the 16th century, when poet William Turner described it as "a comfort to the brain."

Our gardening expert says it has many virtues to recommend it in the modern garden. In low hedges, borders, and

rock gardens it makes a lovely show of hazy mauve in the main flowering period in summer, and at intermittent periods throughout the year. When not in bloom the silvery-green foliage is always attractive.

Lavender is not too fastidious about soil or situation, though it grows less strongly and does not flower so well in heavy clays.

Old manure or compost and a light dusting of complete fertiliser, well dug in before planting, bring a response in stronger plants and more and better blooms.

Gardeners may choose from a number of different varieties.

Lavandula spica, common English lavender, grows to about two feet, and is probably the most popular strain. An improved variety called *Bosistos* has large flower heads and more intensely colored flowers.

L. dentata, commonly called French lavender, is a strong-growing type, well suited to hedges. It has compact heads of flowers, and a bunch can be picked at most times of the year.

L. vera, the true lavender, is the variety most commonly grown commercially. It is considered to be richer in oil strength and fragrance than most other varieties.

L. stoechas, sometimes called Spanish lavender, is fairly rare in Australian gardens. It has short flower spikes somewhat resembling the French lavender in form, but it is much darker in color. It flowers in winter.

Lavender plants of all varieties can be grown from cuttings taken in late summer from current season's wood. They should be two to three inches long, and inserted to about half their length in sharp sand.

Rooted plants can be set out into permanent positions the following spring. For a hedge they should be spaced 18 to 21 inches apart, but for individual specimens this can be increased to from 30 to 36 inches to give ample room for spread and to allow adequate cultivation.



ACRES OF LAVENDER growing on the Bridestowe estate in north-eastern Tasmania. The lavender is grown commercially for use in perfume and for soap manufacture. The seeds came originally from the Alps in France.

THE NEW SHAMPOO

WHITE RAIN tonight —
tomorrow your hair is
sunshine bright!



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shampoo
a beauty treatment
for your
hair . . .



White Rain, the sensational new beauty treatment shampoo, is not just a cream or a liquid or a powder. *White Rain* is a lotion—the first of its kind—satin white, satin smooth.

White Rain is a soapless shampoo with many gentle ingredients; it gives your hair the shining look but does not dry it. Preserves the natural oils without dull film. Leaves your hair pliant, soft, easy to manage.

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WHITE RAIN
LOTION SHAMPOO
by Toni

RUBBER GLOVES are your simplest hand beauty care

— when you buy a pair, ask for the only rubber gloves that slip on and off like lightning . . .

Ansell
"Silver Lined"
Rubber Gloves



Sizes 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9 at stores, chemists, hardware and chain stores.

2'11 A PAIR
(slightly dearer in country areas).

LOOK
for the
Silver Lining

This magic, smooth-as-satin silver lining is exclusive to Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves. Makes them so easy to slip on and off . . . therefore easier for you to enjoy the comfort and protection of wearing rubber gloves.

AG 55

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are June 9 and June 12. Navy blue will attract on any outing, whether it's for business or pleasure.	★ Are you driving yourself too hard and demanding the impossible in the way of efficiency? You may drop a few items without misgivings, and you will accomplish more.	★ Some of you may put wheels under your home and act like gnomes for a while. Education of children may influence you and mean sacrifices.	★ It is best if you and your beloved hold the same opinions in important matters, but should you disagree take it in your stride, you won't convert each other.	★ More meeting for a common purpose than for mere sociability. Watch out for hidden opposition to your views if you are a committee member. Sudden reversals likely.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 9 and June 11. Wear tan, fawn, or beige for business. A pony with sunshine-yellow will help.	★ You can turn a liability into an asset by a bit of quick thinking. You may be praised for your clever suggestions, which are likely to be adopted as good value.	★ Home finances may have to be dealt with and co-operation on the part of the whole family will accomplish what you set out to do. Go without now and save.	★ Your love affair may be growing serious and the boy-friend is likely to spend less on amusements, because he wants to save his money. Don't grizzle.	★ You may count the cost of being in the social swim and think the price too high, or you may be placed in the position of having to dig into your pocket.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are June 8 and June 10. Oyster-grey and pearl-grey, also very pale flesh tints will attract success in personal affairs.	★ Don't you believe it's about time you put on an act? There are plenty who think you are just a fish in the pan, but you can show them you really are good.	★ Watch temper, avoid clash of personalities, particularly between older and younger members of the family. You have enough on your mind without petty squabbles.	★ This may be a dramatic moment in your life. Decisions which concern you both may have to be faced. Should they mean postponement, be sensible.	★ Having finally determined your future course, you are in favor of immediate action. Regardless of opposition, you are aiming high and should be able to hit the target.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are June 7 and June 11. Off-white with a greenish tinge, or pale sage-greens, will enhance your chances of a victory.	★ Many of you may take steps to consolidate your position. Your practical foundations are important and a proposition is to be made shortly that is a help.	★ Whether home is a refuge or a place from which to escape depends mainly on your own attitude. Probably you will keep your personal plans to yourself.	★ Has what appeared a promising romance faded out? Don't look back and mourn, for there are others. A new thrill may push old memories away.	★ Going to do a bit of underground campaigning for a pet scheme of yours? Work indirectly, allowing others to suppose they are the real sponsors of the idea.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are June 10 and June 11. Wear a bunch of violets or wear those purple with a violet tint when meeting one you love.	★ Workmates are, after all, just that. If your relations with certain of them become too close, those who are excluded will resent it and make trouble.	★ Think up a few activities or attractions to keep the members of the household at home or you'll find yourself more and more solitary. Share their interests.	★ Whether young in years or heart there will be a touch of romance in all your relationships. If you've already picked the one and only, this will color your plans.	★ If you want to shine, here's your chance. You have both poise and talent and you may discover fresh avenues in which to display them. Applause follows.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 9 and June 13. Sunshine and golden-daffodil shades with a touch of green can work wonders for you.	★ Taking a step up the career ladder may be fraught with self-consciousness. Be pleasant and natural in order to bridge the gap with former fellow workers.	★ Cooking may be important. Arrange a guest shelf for unexpected visitors who drop in this week so that festive touches can be added to the family meal.	★ You and the beloved should be on excellent terms and quite prepared, working in harmony, to embark upon an adventure likely to bear fruit in your young world.	★ Only a very difficult person could fail to be gratified by the response to an appeal which you are certain to make soon. A side issue will be unfavorable.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 7 and June 12. Wear mauve, also hydrangea-blue, and you will benefit, particularly if worn as blouse or scarf.	★ If you don't know how, find out. Concealing lack of experience or knowledge of the ropes will only pile up more worries. It's no disgrace to seek information.	★ Quite a few of you will make special trips to see an exhibition or a demonstration of household articles, where you learn short cuts for household tasks.	★ Honeymooners are under happy stars. Others, lucky ones, are young lovers studying together, also older natives embarking on a joint enterprise.	★ Quickness in a social emergency, or the hunch that such a situation might arise, could put you in the limelight and help you with people who can help you.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are June 9 and June 10. Delicate blues and pinks in pastel shades should cast a happy glow over your state of mind.	★ You can see a profit as well as the next one, don't let false pride be a barrier to success. Don't hesitate to accept offers to pool resources. Everything helps.	★ Intense concentration on one single project may lead to the neglect of all else, but it may be a rush job. Breakdown of equipment might complicate matters.	★ In company with the beloved, you could be lucky in a matter of chance, such as finding a sum of money or a lost article. In some cases, rejoicing over a success.	★ You may prefer to pull strings behind the scenes and wait to see what happens. Since you alone know the goal you are seeking, you can't share joy in your progress.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are June 8 and June 12. In dress, great simplicity, with extreme smartness, should produce a fortunate effect.	★ An unanticipated offer from a source hitherto untapped could produce not merely pleasant contacts, but lead to more important possibilities. Good opening coming.	★ A birthday or anniversary party may occupy the centre of the picture. Look for bright, novel ideas in publications and in shops. Some of the best are inexpensive.	★ Much consideration may be needed if you are going to pull together. It's give and take this week and you may be obliged to give in on minor matters.	★ Mixed parties, dances, any occasion which brings in the opposite sex, are in your social life. You may give a party in honor of a particular person.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are June 8 and June 11. Every color, if deep in tone, should be fortunate, including tartans or variegated mixtures.	★ You are headed for bigger things than you realize. There may be one or two hurdles to leap, but you're on the right track. Tangible evidence soon.	★ Home is more than a workshop. If you are asked to drop everything and step out, remember shared pleasure is more important than dust on the mantelpiece.	★ Love may be shoved into the background because you are both too busy to see much of each other. This is likely to be followed later by stepping out together to a party.	★ Out in the kitchen helping with the washing-up may be your fate this week rather than shining on the dance floor, but even washing-up can be fun with some.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are June 10 and June 13. Cardinal-red, tomato-red, scarlet, in small touches, will make slimy-black your best bet.	★ Young people bring you news worth waiting for. If you are young or come in contact with youth you may change your working methods or be promoted.	★ Older folk may decide to have a bit of fun on their own and park the kids somewhere for a short while. Results may have a surprising influence on the future.	★ If you're in amateur dramatics, making love on the stage could be followed by making love in real life. Many of you will be going dancing together.	★ Dress in your best, for moonlight and roses do not come every day. Whether the occasion be formal, or simple and casual, you should have very happy memories.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 7 and June 12. Silvery greys, two-piece effects, set off by grey-green accessories, are tops for any occasion.	★ You are putting behind you an unpleasant episode, a disappointing friend, or a plan that flunked out, but there is no time to lament over what has been obvious.	★ Changes are in your thoughts. You may spend a day moving furniture, hunting for the right material for those new curtains, or making the place look different.	★ This week is kind to young marrieds who renew their romance. Very young subjects plan a surprise gift for the beloved, while older folk satisfy an old ambition.	★ The hostess should enjoy her own party, for then the guests, too, will be at ease. If you are asking people who are strangers to each other, think up stunts.

Soap'n'water dries your hands

27 times a day...
that's why you need

TRUSHAY

A product of Bristol-Myers

... the lotion that guards hands even
in hot sudsy water

No wonder hands become rough and dry... for every time your hands are in water the skin is robbed of its natural oils. How very important it is, then, to use Trushay. Smoothed on before every "water" job (as well as after), Trushay guards the hands against the drying damage of hot suds and detergents. Trushay's beauty oil soothes rough, dry skin... keeps the hands soft, velvety, romantic.

In three sizes, 2/3, 3/6, 5/9, from all chemists and the better stores.





1 CAPTAIN ALISON GRAHAM (Noelle Middleton) learns from Carrington's wife of his threat to take the money due to him from Army safe.



2 BACKING himself with money taken from safe, Carrington (Niven) rides in inter-Army race, and wins. In meantime, his unfriendly Commanding Officer has made check on funds, and takes steps to court-martial Copper.



3 FAILING to intervene with C.O. (Allan Cuthbertson) on his behalf, Alison goes to Copper's quarters and is found there by C.O.

Carrington, V.C.

★ A drama of private and professional lives is enacted against the background of the barracks of a famous British regiment in Remus Productions' new British film "Carrington V.C."

Debonair David Niven plays the professional soldier, "Copper" Carrington, who faces court-martial, Margaret Leighton is his neurotic wife, and British T.V. announcer-actress Noelle Middleton plays the sympathetic W.R.A.C. officer.



4 NEXT day Carrington, V.C., is charged with theft, absence without leave, and entertaining W.R.A.C. officer in his bedroom.



5 AFTER denying, at trial, suicide threat phone call and knowledge of Copper's plan, his wife (Margaret Leighton) forces Alison to admit the mutual love between her and Copper.



6 COMMANDING OFFICER denies Copper had appealed to him to adjust money owing, and asserts he went a.w.l. to ride in race. He admits Alison's visit to room was not compromising.



7 CONDUCTING own defence, Copper impresses the court, but his wife's denial of the phone call leaves it no alternative but to give the verdict, "Guilty, and dismissed the Army."



8 BARRACKS telephonist saves Copper's career when she recalls hearing him tell his wife he had warned C.O. he would take money if refused help in recovering amount due.



Beautiful **Michelle Safargy**—Sydney model—discovered that only Nyal Toothpaste gives sparkle and brightness to her teeth. She says—

"I like the way Nyal Toothpaste brightens my teeth!"

You, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days by using Nyal Toothpaste. New American-formula Nyal Toothpaste will clean your teeth better than ever before! **Cleans Teeth Better.** In texture and cleansing power, Nyal Toothpaste sets a new standard; foams instantly; helps remove food particles from between the teeth.

Makes Teeth Brighter. The highly-activated dental detergent contained in Nyal Toothpaste quickly and safely removes all traces of dulling film and stains.

Makes the Mouth Fresher. The clean, refreshing peppermint flavour of Nyal Toothpaste lingers long after brushing your teeth. Children like it, too!

Have whiter teeth in 10 days with...



THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambert

An excellent runner-up to the author's best seller, *Twenty Thousand Thieves*, featuring Australian soldiers on leave in Sydney and then fighting New Guinea battles.

Price 15/6 from all Booksellers

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Lifebuoy...with Brand-New Perfume

THE OLD CARBOLIC SMELL HAS GONE!

Smell it!

The carbolic smell is a thing of the past! In its place is an appealing new fragrance the whole family loves. And with that lovely perfume goes a protection only Lifebuoy can give!

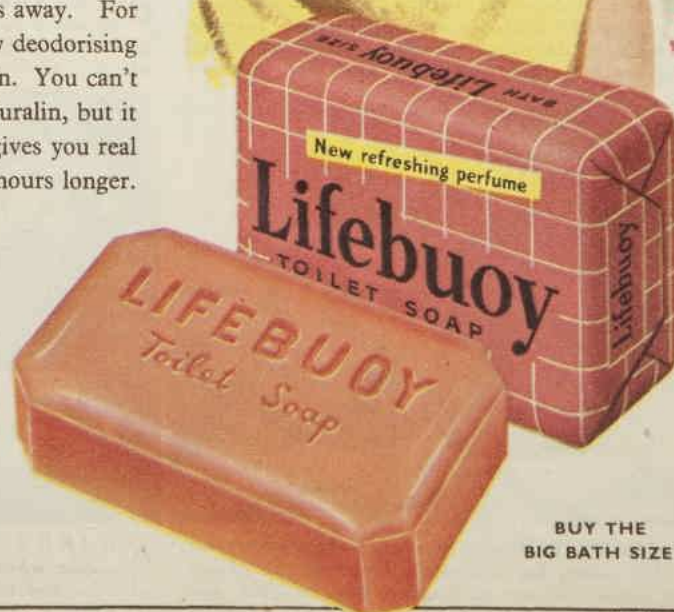
Enjoy it!

In winter there's nothing so refreshing as a hot shower with Lifebuoy. That rich, fragrant lather cleanses and deodorises... your whole body will glow because it is so clean.

Be Popular!

Hot clothes and stuffy rooms mean winter "B.O."... but Lifebuoy washes your perspiration worries away. For Lifebuoy has a brand-new deodorising ingredient called Puralin. You can't see, feel or smell Puralin, but it stays with your skin... gives you real "B.O." protection hours longer.

Contains PURALIN
to stop "B.O."
hours longer



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"Light and Bright" is a revolutionary, new, single solution . . . no mixing, timing, shampooing . . . lightens gradually a little or a lot, just as you wish, depending on the number of times you use it. Safe—contains no ammonia! Gives your hair youthful, shining, silken brightness and natural-looking, lovely colour that won't wash out.



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see lighter, brighter, naturally-becoming hair shades after only 2 applications of "Light and Bright."



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make hair really sparkle with lighter tones. No sudden colour change with "Light and Bright."



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12'6
at all chemists and selected department stores

NOTHING TO MIX OR FIX

"it's simpler than setting your hair"

LB6.102



GRAN'S FIRST FLIGHT

68-years-old Mrs. Spence of Melbourne remembers seeing one of Australia's first planes, but she waited 42 years before she took a flight herself. "Flying's marvellous, and the service is so good," said Mrs. Spence and she smiled appreciatively as the A.N.A. Hostess handed her a cup of hot Bonox. At all times you can keep chills away with delicious hot Bonox. Bonox pours concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef straight into your bloodstream. Gives you a "lift" and keeps your head above the 'flu line. Today—drink Bonox at cafe, hotel or milk bar, at home, at work, anywhere. KB 511

BEYOND THE HUNGRY COUNTRY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 8, 1955

Talking of Films

★ The Black Widow

EVERYONE who enjoyed Fox's previous high-luxury film "Woman's World" can safely go along with every expectation of similar enjoyment of their "The Black Widow."

It opens with the same New York skyline in color on a wide screen. It's again old-timers' week for the cast—Van Heflin, Ginger Rogers, Reginald Gardiner, George Raft, Gene Tierney, and Otto Kruger—and there are the same fabulous contemporary interiors and high-gloss finish.

This time you wonder if it's Ginger, Gene, Van, Reginald, or Otto who committed the crime of murder. But a deadpan George Raft, detective, gives nothing away.

Ginger Rogers, in an unsympathetic role as a self-important Broadway actress, makes one uncomfortably aware of the passing of time—but how she can deliver a line of dialogue. To the part of

her brow-beaten husband, Reginald Gardiner brings a triumphant determination to create a real character.

Heflin is the Broadway producer on whom suspicion falls most heavily, a depressed Gene Tierney (and no wonder, for her entire wardrobe is composed of unbecoming clothes that could well do service as maternity outfits) is his actress wife.

In a minor role, Virginia Leith throws everything she knows into making an impact and could most certainly become a screen personality. Former child star Peggy Ann Garner seems entirely too unattractive, however, to create the chaos she does in this group of highly sophisticated New York theatre people.

Along with Peggy Ann, the other ladies of the cast impress as being the victims of Hollywood's least talented hair-dresser. But, apart from that, the film is generally easy on the eye and a professionally slick job.

In Sydney—Regent.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★★ "On the Waterfront," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden. Plus ★ "Outlaw Stallion," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Dorothy Patrick, Billy Gray.

CENTURY.—★ "The Barefoot Contessa," technicolor drama, starring Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Belles of St. Trinian's," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole. Plus ★ "Conflict of Wings," Eastmancolor drama, starring John Gregson, Muriel Pavlow, Kieron Moore.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "Jedda," Gevacolor Australian drama, starring Ngila Kunoth, Robert Tudawali. Plus ★ "Mission Over Korea," war drama, starring John Hodiak, John Derek.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Road To Morocco," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour. Plus "Ladies' Man," drama, starring William Powell, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "Carmen Jones," CinemaScope color Negro musical drama, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★★ "The Racers," CinemaScope drama in color, starring Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi, Gilbert Roland. Plus "Geraldine," comedy, starring Stan Freberg, Mala Powers, John Carroll.

REGENT.—★ "Black Widow," suspense drama in color and CinemaScope, starring Ginger Rogers, Van Heflin, Gene Tierney, George Raft. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Bad Day At Black Rock," CinemaScope suspense drama in color, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Wages Of Fear," drama, French and English dialogue, with English sub-titles, starring Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "Doctor in the House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus ★★ "Life in the Arctic," true-life adventure in color.

VICTORY.—★ "Six Bridges to Cross," drama, starring Tony Curtis, Julia Adams, George Nader. Plus ★ "Smoke Signal," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Dana Andrews, Piper Laurie, Rex Reason.

Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"The Colditz Story," P.O.W. escape drama, starring Eric Portman, John Mills, Christopher Rhodes. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Riding Shotgun," Warnercolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Joan Weldon. Plus "San Francisco Story," outdoor adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Joel McCrea. (Re-release.)

PARIS (could begin Saturday).—"The Bed," French and English dialogue omnibus film, starring Richard Todd, Martine Carol, Vittorio de Sica, Dawn Addams. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"About Mrs. Leslie," drama, starring Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan. Plus featurettes.

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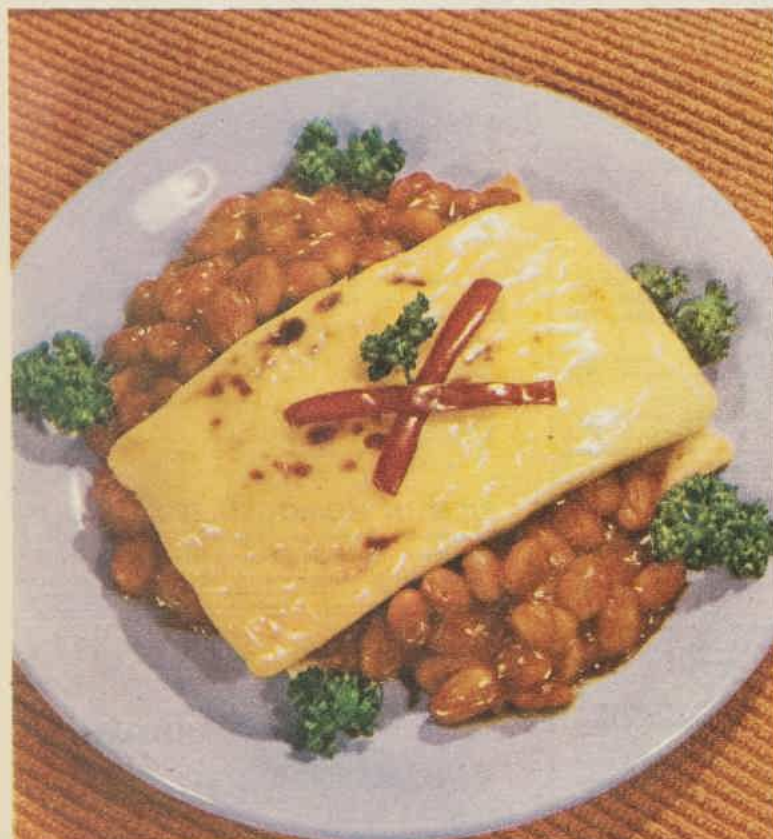


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Monday Menu

● *These recipes make new and interesting Monday menus out of the end of Sunday's joint.*

FEW homemakers have much time for cooking on Monday. Although labor-saving devices have abolished Monday's former drudgery, it is still the heaviest household-chore day of the week.

It is a wise idea to choose dishes which can be quickly prepared and which, as well, will make an interesting dinner out of the last pieces of Sunday's meat.

Two of the menus on this page meet both the above requirements. The third menu needs fresh, uncooked meat.

All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.

MENU 1

Chicken cream soup Carrots and peas
New-style cottage pie Arabian baked apples

CHICKEN CREAM SOUP

One packet chicken soup (made as directed, using 2 cups water and 1 cup milk), 1 small tin cream of onion soup, milk, 2 thin slices toast, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Prepare chicken soup as directed, then add onion soup and an equivalent quantity of milk. Reheat without allowing to boil. Serve hot topped with chopped parsley and toast cut into croutons.

NEW-STYLE COTTAGE PIE

Three cups minced cold meat, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 rashers bacon, 1 extra teaspoon butter, 2 lb. tomatoes, 1 clove of crushed garlic, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped chives.

Place meat in frying-pan with butter or substitute and salt. Stir over medium heat until meat starts to brown slightly. Place in ovenware dish. Chop 2 rashers of bacon, place in pan with the extra butter and cook until bacon starts to brown. Add skinned, chopped tomatoes and crushed garlic, cook 5 minutes, pour over meat. Cream mashed potatoes in the usual way with butter, milk, and pepper, fold in chopped chives. Spread over meat mixture, rough up surface with a fork. Place in moderate oven until reheated and starting to brown on top. Cut remaining bacon rashers in halves, arrange on top of potato and return to oven until bacon is cooked.

ARABIAN BAKED APPLES

Four red apples, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon butter, good squeeze lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped peanuts, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup water, 4 marshmallows.

Slit skin around centre of each apple, carefully peel off skin above the slit. Brush peeled portion with a little extra lemon juice. Remove cores. Place dates in saucepan with the 2 tablespoons of water, butter, and lemon juice. Soften over heat, beat until smooth, add peanuts. Fill into core-cavity of each apple, place in dish with sugar and the 1/2 cup water. Bake in moderate oven, basting frequently with the syrup, until apples are tender. Place a marshmallow on top of each apple while still hot, so that the marshmallow partly melts. Serve straight from the oven.

MENU 2

Savory veal bake Sliced carrots
Shredded cabbage Chocolate crumb pudding

SAVORY VEAL BAKE

Three large potatoes, 4 small onions, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups minced cooked veal, 4 rashers bacon, 1 large skinned tomato, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1/2 cup milk.

Peel and slice potatoes and onions. Line a greased ovenware dish with potato slices and sprinkle with flour, pepper, and salt. Add a layer of onions, then another layer of potatoes and onions. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Chop 3 of the bacon rashers, rind removed, mix with the chopped tomato and meat. Place in the dish and add a final layer of potato slices. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and carefully pour milk and evaporated milk down the side of the dish. Cover and bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until potatoes and onions are tender. About 10 minutes before serving, cut remaining bacon rasher into 3 or 4 pieces, place on top and continue cooking without the lid until the bacon is done.

CHOCOLATE CRUMB PUDDING

Three-quarters pint milk, 2 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 tablespoons chocolate powder or cocoa, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup cake crumbs.

Beat powdered milk into the slightly warmed fresh milk, use a little to blend the chocolate or cocoa. Combine both mixtures. Add sugar, vanilla, and beaten eggs, mix well. Pour over cake crumbs in greased ovenware dish. Stand in a dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven until custard is set. Serve hot or cold.

● *This appetising dinner is economical and easy to prepare. The dishes illustrated are chicken cream soup, new-style cottage pie, carrots and peas, and Arabian baked apples. See menu 1 on this page.*

MENU 3

Normandy steak Savory pumpkin
Jacket potatoes Apple scallop

NORMANDY STEAK

One and a half pounds topside or round steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1/2 cup tomato juice or puree, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 onion, 2 large carrots, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/2 cup shelled peas.

Trim steak, cut into 1/2 in. cubes. Brown meat in melted fat, remove meat, add onion, and brown. Remove onion, add flour, and brown, adding a little more fat if necessary. Stir in salt, sugar, tomato juice or puree, and water. Stir until boiling. Return meat and onion to gravy, turn into a casserole, add thickly sliced carrots and celery. Cover closely and cook in moderate oven 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Add peas for last 25 minutes' cooking time.

SAVORY PUMPKIN

Select a dark, smooth-skinned pumpkin with firm, deep yellow flesh. Remove seeds, cut into wedges, wash thoroughly, dry well, leave unpeeled. Spread a thin layer of softened butter or substitute over the pumpkin, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in a clean brown paper bag, fold top over

Continued on page 58

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert



"Enjoy Australia's favourite dining-out wine in your home" — says Leo Buring

For twenty-five years restaurateurs have recommended Rinegold to their guests," says Leo Buring. "The unique bouquet and delicate flavour of Rinegold adds to the appreciation of fine cooking. And diners like its lightness and low alcoholic content. "When you're having dinner guests at home, remember that Rinegold enhances the flavour

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TRY THIS easy pie filling. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar with 1-3rd cup cornflour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups evaporated milk, and 1 cup water. Cook 15 minutes over boiling water. Add 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup coconut, flavor with vanilla. Top with meringue, brown lightly, chill.

Shortcake wins £5

An unusual shortcake recipe wins this week's cash prize of £5.

NIGHT-AND-DAY shortcake, this week's prizewinning recipe, is mixed in two portions which are joined by a layer of raspberry jam and baked in the same tin.

A topping of lemon-flavored icing sprinkled with grated chocolate or chopped walnuts completes this delicious shortcake.

All spoon measurements are level.

NIGHT-AND-DAY SHORTCAKE

First Layer: Three ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, raspberry jam.

Second Layer: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon

baking powder, 3oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 cup sultanas.

First Layer: Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Press into greased swiss-roll tin and spread thinly with raspberry jam.

Second Layer: Cream butter or substitute and brown sugar with vanilla, add beaten egg, golden syrup, milk, and coconut. Fold in sifted flour and baking powder. Add walnuts and sultanas, and spread over first layer in tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cool in tin. When cold ice with lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with grated chocolate or chopped walnuts, cut into blocks, and remove from tin.

First Prize of £5 to Miss A. Osborn, 50 Andova Street, Merivale, Christchurch N.W.1, N.Z.

TONY'S LUXURY DISH

Chicken Jambalaya

"CHICKEN Jambalaya is a Creole-Spanish dish which is popular in New Orleans, U.S.A.," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club.

"The Creoles season their jambalaya very highly with cayenne, but in the following recipe, which is sufficient for six servings, I have left the amount of cayenne to your own discretion."

Two and a half cups rice, 3lb. chicken (roaster), 3 slices ham finely chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork sausage meat, 2 large onions finely chopped, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 cloves garlic minced, 2 bay leaves, 2 glasses sherry, 2 sprigs of thyme and parsley chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 4 quarts chicken broth, 1 teaspoon chopped green pepper, salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste.

Cut the chicken into pieces half an inch square. Put the butter into a saucepan, add the onions and chicken, and let them brown very slowly. Add the sherry, stirring frequently, then add ham, garlic, minced herbs, thyme, bay leaves, parsley, cloves. Let all this brown for five minutes longer and add pork sausage meat. Let all cook another five minutes, add 4 quarts of chicken broth, let cook for ten minutes, and when it comes to the boil add rice, which has been carefully washed. Then add green pepper, salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste. Let it cook for 25 minutes more and serve very hot.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL chops served with a sweet and sour sauce make this week's family dish which costs six and three-pence and serves four.

VEAL CHOPS WITH SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

Four large veal chops (with kidney if possible), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, pinch paprika, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper.

Coat chops with mixture of flour, ginger, salt, pepper, and paprika. Melt butter or substitute, add chops and brown on both sides. Add pineapple juice, brown sugar, vinegar, and green pepper. Cover and cook over gentle heat until chops are tender—35 to 40 minutes. Serve with fluffy rice or creamed potatoes and green peas.

MONDAY MENU

Continued from page 57

and secure with pins or paper clips. Place on scone-tray, bake in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours according to thickness. Serve with skin on. Rich flavor, dry flesh, and tender texture are features of pumpkin cooked this way.

APPLE SCALLOP

Six green apples, 6 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Mix breadcrumbs and brown sugar together; fry in butter or substitute until light brown and crisp. Peel, core, and slice apples. Place a layer of apples in thickly greased dish, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed together, then with fried crumbs. Repeat until apples and crumbs are all used. Mix water and lemon juice, pour carefully down side of dish. Bake in moderate oven until apples are tender, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve with custard or cream.

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BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages FOR ALL MINOR INJURIES



FLESH COLOURED
AND WATERPROOF

To knit: Cossack blouse

No fancy stitches are needed for this Cossack blouse. It is easily knitted in 4-ply wool.

HERE are the directions. For success use the wool specified.

Materials: 12oz. Villawool "Aurora" 4-ply wool (13oz. for sizes B and C); small amount of contrast wool for cord; 1 pair No. 10 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 10 needles (double-pointed and long length); 1 set of 4 No. 13 needles (double-pointed and long length); 1 pair No. 13 needles.

Measurements: Size A, 32in., sleeve seam, 17½in.; size B, 34in., sleeve seam, 18in.; size C, 36in., sleeve seam, 18½in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in., 9 rows to 1in.

Instructions given are for size A, any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

FRONT

Using pair No. 10 needles, cast on 102 sts. (B, 110 sts.; C, 118 sts.).

K two rows.

Then work in st-st. for 5½in. (B, 6in.; C, 6½in.).

Change to pair No. 13 needles.

K one row.

Then work 2in. in rib of k 2, p 2.

Next Row: * K 9, k twice into next st.; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. (B, rep. from * to end of row; C, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 8). (A, 112 sts.; B, 121 sts.; C, 129 sts.).

Change to pair No. 10 needles and work in st-st. for 7½in. (B, 8in.; C, 8½in.).

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next two rows.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of every following row 8 times altogether; *** then work 1½in. (B, 1½in.; C, 2in.) without shaping.

Next Row: With right side of work facing, k 28 sts. (B, 32 sts.; C, 36 sts.) and leave on a stitch holder, cast off 36 sts. (B, 37 sts.; C, 37 sts.) and k last 28 sts. (B, 32 sts.; C, 36 sts.).

Cont. on last group of 28 (B, 32; C, 36) sts. for right shoulder.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 10 (B, 10; C, 12) times, then dec. 1 st. at same edge every following alt. row 10 (B, 12; C, 12) times.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7½in. (B, 7½in.; C, 8in.) (measured on the straight).

To Shape Shoulder: Starting at shoulder edge, cast off rem.

Instructions for this blouse are given below in sizes to fit 32, 34, and 36-inch bust measurements.



sts. Transfer 28 sts. (B, 32 sts.; C, 36 sts.) from stitch holder and work other shoulder to correspond.

BACK

Work same as for front to ***

Then work 3in. (B, 3in.; C, 3½in.) without shaping instead of 1½in. (B, 1½in.; C, 2in.) as in front, after the armhole shapings are finished. Then cont. as for front.

SLEEVES

Using pair No. 13 needles, cast on 68 sts. (B, 72 sts.; C, 76 sts.) and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2in.

Next Row: K twice into all knit sts. and k into all p sts. (A, 102 sts.; B, 108 sts.; C, 114 sts.).

Change to pair of No. 10 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. of every following 5th row, 8 times.

Cont. without further shaping until sleeve seam measures 17½in. (B, 18in.; C, 18½in.) or required length of sleeve.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next two rows, then cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of every following row until 64 sts. (B, 68 sts.; C, 72 sts.) are on needle.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every following row until 26 sts. (B, 30 sts.; C, 34 sts.) rem.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with warm

iron and damp cloth, avoiding the ribbed parts. Sew shoulder seams together.

YOKE

With right side of work facing, and using 4 No. 10 needles (double-pointed), pick up sts. around neckline, starting from left shoulder seam, pick up 68 sts. to centre front, then 68 sts. from centre front to right shoulder seam, then 58 sts. from right shoulder seam to centre back and 58 sts. from centre back to left shoulder seam.

Work 2in. in rib of k 2, p 2. Change to 4 No. 13 needles and work 2in. in same rib.

Next Round: * K 2, p 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 1, p 2, rep. from * to end of round.

Next Round: * K 2, w.r.n., p 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., p 2 tog., w.r.n., rep. from * to end of round.

Next Round: K 2, p 2 to end of round.

Cont. to work in k 2, p 2 for 1½in.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP (cont.)

Press lower part of yoke only. Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Make a cord from two shades of wool with a tassel on the end of each. Thread cord through holes at neckline.

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On iron-on transfer No. 1008B, which is shown here, there are six heart-shaped designs with the words "I love you" and small flowers printed on them that would be ideal for trimming children's clothes.

Size of the transfer sheet is approximately 5in. x 10½in., and the price is 2/-.

Paper patterns for the girl's two-piece pyjama set shown at left, to fit children 2, 4, 6, and 8 years of age, are also available. Price 2/-.

The complete set, pattern and transfer, costs 4/-.

Address all orders to our Needlework Department—see address on page 61. Please quote transfer No. 1008B.



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HOMEMAKERS' CONTEST



CUMBERSOME old-style wardrobe and sideboard which were cut down and combined to make the smart bedroom unit shown above. The inset mirrors from both old furniture pieces were also utilised. The wood left over from the top of the sideboard was made into the hanging bookshelf shown at right. This entry won a £3/3/- prize.

The £3/3/- cash prize in our Something New from Something Old contest was won this week by Mrs. M. Williams, 268 Preston Point Rd., Bicton, W.A., for her suggestion for a low-cost bedroom unit.

THE materials used for the renovation were an old wardrobe, owned by Mrs. Williams, and a large second-hand sideboard which she bought for a few pounds.

This is Mrs. Williams' entry and details of the work involved:

"My old wardrobe did not have many possibilities for any

outstanding renovations on its own, but I could see how it could be used with another piece of furniture to make a modern bedroom unit.

"I bought a large old sideboard, which was cut down and extended to take the drawers at the side, leaving an open space above them. The old top, with additional timber, made a long dressing-table top for this section of the unit.

"The wardrobe was fitted with new doors, stripped of heavy trimming, and the base altered to modern lines. Together, these two pieces are now a convenient and attractive bedroom unit which, I feel sure, would have been most expensive to buy.

"In addition, the sides and shelves of the sideboard top were made into a hanging bookshelf for our living-room.

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is given to the reader who makes the most interesting and useful article from something old. It may be an article of clothing, something for the house, or even a novelty.

To enter the contest, send in a full description of the article as it was, and what was done with it. Rough sketches or snapshots that clearly illustrate the "before" and "after" must accompany each entry.

Address your entry for the contest to The Editor, Home-maker Department, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Since girlhood
grandma has
always insisted
on genuine

PHILIPS



WHOOPING-COUGH

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

Many mothers do not realise how serious whooping-cough can be when its victims are babies and toddlers.

STATISTICS gathered by the World Health Organisation show that in many countries whooping-cough causes three times as many deaths as all other infectious diseases of childhood put together.

The younger the child the more dangerous whooping-cough is. The death-rate is highest in babies under six months and then in the six to 12 months age group.

The value of a vaccine for whooping-cough is still controversial, but vaccines constantly are being improved. Moreover, it has been established that inoculations against whooping-cough lessen the severity of attacks.

Get your doctor's advice

about the inoculations. Most doctors suggest giving them at the age of six months and, if necessary, even earlier.

Usually the injections for diphtheria and whooping-cough are given at the same time unless there is a bad epidemic of polio, when it's considered inadvisable.

The preventive and nursing treatment for whooping-cough and other epidemic diseases of childhood are fully given in my parentcraft book "You and Your Baby."

Copies of the book can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in the capital cities. Price 12/6, postage 9d. Please print names and addresses clearly.

YOUNG Garry Teague, of Alice Springs, smiles at the lighted candle on his first-birthday cake. A robust child, Garry is typical of hundreds of babies who have benefited from our Mothercraft Service Bureau.



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The watch to delight any man... clear dial, handsome... The most reliable watch you've ever known.

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Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F.3658.—Cleverly designed, long-torso suit with demure collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 4/6.

F.3659.—Fashion's favorite, the pinafore dress, with full skirt and cuffed pockets. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires ¾yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3658



F.2511.—Little girl's tailored top-coat. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years or 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths. Requires 1½yds. to 2yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 3/-.

F.2863.—Attractive initialled winter pyjamas with confetti-spot trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 4/6. Initial transfers are also available. No. F.122, price, 2/6.

F.3292.—Lovely ballerina frock with soft swathed neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F.3660.—Easy-to-make overalls for children in sizes to fit 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires ¾yd. to 1yd. 54in. material. Special price, 2/6. Cute iron-on transfers for pockets are also available. Transfer No. F.1000 contains 10 elephant designs. Price, 2/-.

F3292



F2511



F3660



F2863



F3659



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 909 — LITTLE GIRL'S COAT-FROCK
Little girl's frock buttoned from neck to hem. Cut out ready to make in Lambtex. Colors available are cream, pale blue, lemon, pink, and nil green. Sizes: length 18in. for 2 years, £1/10/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 19in. for 3 years, £1/12/3, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years, £1/13/8, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 23in. for 5 to 6 years, £1/14/9, postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 910 — TABLE CENTRE
Pretty table centre measuring 17in. across may be obtained in cream and white Irish linen. Traced to embroider. Price, 18/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 911 — SANDWICH-TRAY D'OLEYS
Useful sandwich-tray d'oleys. Size 5in. x 11in. are cut out and traced ready to embroider. Available in cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, or green. Price, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra. Set of three, price, 4/3. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 912 — TENNIS DRESS
Practical tennis dress with pleated skirt, cut out ready to make in waffle-pique in white, blue, and lemon. Sizes: 32in. to 34in. bust, 47/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/9, postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

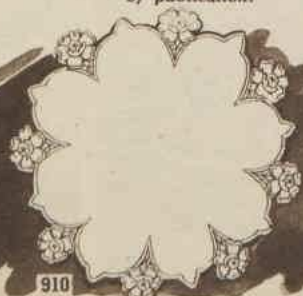
• Note. — Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

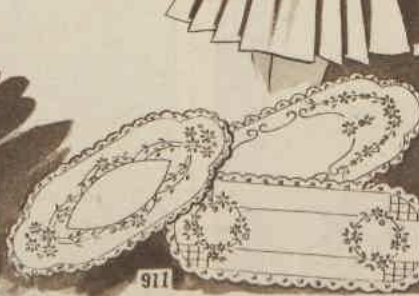
912



909



910



911

Every RHEUMATIC SUFFERER should read this

4th January, 1955.

The Malgic Cream Co.

Dear Sirs:

I feel that I must write to you in grateful thanks for your Malgic Cream and the wonderful work it has done in my case.

For some years I suffered with painful rheumatism in the legs, especially in the joints. I had great difficulty in bending the legs. I tried many Treatments and none of them did me any good. I heard of your cream over the wireless. I thought it worth a trial from what I had heard and I can honestly say that after using two pots of cream I am just about free of my trouble. Very little pain and no stiffness at all. I think that is a wonderful thing for me.

I recommend your cream to all my friends. My sister-in-law is using it for her feet. This is an honest and true statement and you may use it in any way you care to.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. E. B. Hummerston.

3 Louis Street, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

P.S.—I honestly think there is nothing on the market to-day to compare with your cream.



Close on a million people in Australia suffer from rheumatism. Attacking both young and old alike, rheumatism causes more pain than any other disease. Formerly, rheumatic sufferers were faced with a life of misery as there was no worthwhile treatment for relieving the pain of rheumatic conditions. Now, however, thousands are finding relief from pain with the aid of Malgic Adrenalin Cream.

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES.

The virtues of the powerful drug adrenalin have long been known to and approved by the medical profession. Now it has been discovered how to incorporate adrenalin in a massage cream with highly penetrative properties. The use of this new cream—Malgic Adrenalin Cream—has revolutionised the treatment of rheumatic troubles. A Harley Street specialist has reported in the "Medical World" successful results in treating cases of Fibrositis and Muscular Rheumatism. The ages of the patients ranged from 10 to 80 years and the length of time they had suffered from

these rheumatic complaints varied from one to twenty years. Most experienced great relief after the first application of the cream. Similarly successful results have been reported by other rheumatic specialists in England and Australia. The reason for Malgic's success is simple. Malgic carries relaxing adrenalin right into the constricted "cramped" muscle fibres which are the root cause of every rheumatic pain. The cramped-up fibres are loosened by the adrenalin in Malgic. Pain and stiffness cease. With the cause gone—the pain is gone.

MALGIC—the genuine Adrenalin Cream for ALL Rheumatic Complaints

Malgic has two properties of vital importance. Firstly, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin, bringing almost immediate relief to sore, inflamed tissues. Secondly, it has been certified by Public Analysts to retain its adrenalin potency for upwards of twelve months. Both qualities are absolutely essential if good results are to be secured.

Any other cream may disappoint you. MALGIC is the genuine adrenalin cream for all rheumatic complaints. If you suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, or fibrositis you can get relief from Malgic Try it. Your chemist has Malgic Adrenalin Cream.

MALGIC

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA: Visit Brown, a geologist who has queer notions of beings that could live under conditions of tremendous pressure and heat in the earth's core. Suddenly, a bell rings in Brown's labora-

tory, the signal that an earthquake is taking place. At Brown's suggestion, Mandrake and Narda agree to accompany him to the scene of the quake in a nearby desert as soon as the disturbances subside. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

* Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication. Deliveries will be made in 14 days from receipt of order.

ANNA.—Smart and simple uniform with tiny Peter Pan collar and roomy pockets, buttoned from neck to hem. Available in British cotton in white, lemon, blue, pink, grey, green, and natural.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £3/18/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £3/19/3. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £2/18/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £2/19/11. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

CARLINE.—Pretty, warm nightie with ruffle-trimmed yoke, collar, and sleeves, made in flannelette. Colors to choose from are pink, blue, and lemon.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 31/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 33/6. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

Note: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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Arnott's *famous* SHREDDED WHEATMEAL Biscuits

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(Approx. 3½ lbs.)

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